WILL LBJ CRUMBLE?

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JUNE 1, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

You Catholics Are Worried? What About

THE PROTESTANT DEFORMATION

By HAROLD O. J. BROWN

PAGE 464

Also In This Issue:

BURNHAM ON THE HIGH PRICE OF LIBERALISM ♦ CREEKMORE ON THE POLITICS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN ♦ KIRK ON THE POVERTY-MINDED ♦ & BUCKLEY, MEYER, HAZLITT, STURGEON, RUSSELL

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PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer,
William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Dorothy Rea

ASSOCIATES
Arlene Croce, M. Stanton Evans, Will Herberg,
Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Ralph de Toledano,
Timothy J. Wheeler, Garry Wills

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, L. Brent Bozell, Colm Brogan,
John Chamberlain, Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe, Guy Davenport,
Joan Didion, W. H. von Dreele, Neal Freeman, Aloise B. Heath,
John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn,
J. B. Matthews, Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer,
Morrie Ryskind, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
African Affairs: Elspeth Huxley
At Large: William S. Schlamm

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Joan A. Rasanen
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: Howard W. Long Jr.

CONTENTS *JUNE 1, 1965 VOL. XVII, NO. 22*

THE WEEK 446

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

To the Editor 442
What We Need is a Law .....*Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* 455
What Price Liberalism? .....*James Burnham* 456
Decision East of Suez .....*C. J. Creekmore* 457
Songs for the Emerging Nations ..*W. H. von Dreele* 462
Is Social Security a Sacred Cow? ..*Frank S. Meyer* 463
The Protestant Deformation ....*Harold O. J. Brown* 464
Poverty of Condition and Poverty of Mind
Russell Kirk 467
Trans-O-Gram 479
For The Record 480

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Confusion, Not Conspiracy .....*Henry Hazlitt* 468
The Next Great Name Is Smith
Theodore Sturgeon 471
Not New, Just Nonsense .....*Harold O. J. Brown* 472
The Men of Vimy .....*Francis Russell* 474
Books in Brief 476

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In This Issue . . .

➔ Mr. **C. J. Creekmore,** who is now a consultant to several American corporations, tells us of Russian plans to exploit the strategic opportunities afforded by the Indian Ocean, and of our apparent lack of interest in defending that theater. Having served there in the armed forces during World War II, he knows the geography and the strategy at first hand. . . . Whatever in the name of God may be happening in the Catholic Church (*NR,* May 4) is nothing, in the Rev. **Harold O. J. Brown's** opinion, to what is afflicting Protestantism at this phase of the Devil's assault on Christendom. Having been cozened into abandoning Biblical authority, the reformed church, he tells us, grows deformed by lust after the only sanctions left, namely, secular ones. Dr. Brown, a Congregationalist minister, is a graduate of Harvard College and of the Harvard Divinity School (1959). He is a minister to students at the Park Street Church in Boston, and will spend next year in Poland to complete his Ph.D. dissertation on the Polish reformer John a Lasco.

➔ **Wm. Buckley,** declaring war on the snoopers, invokes the Greeks to support his doubt as to whether we really know all that much about one another in these times of organized compassion. . . . **James Burnham** wonders whether LBJ will crumble. It isn't that his instincts are Liberal, they aren't. It's that he doesn't permit himself to understand what Liberalism is, and hence is deprived of the strength he really needs to face down his detractors. . . . **Russell Kirk** doubts whether Johnny can work if Johnny can't read, cites evidence, and recommends pursuing the War on Poverty via Phonics. . . . And **Frank S. Meyer,** going back to one of the hottest issues of the last campaign, asks: "Is Social Security a Sacred Cow?" and goes on to quote some startling figures that would indicate that, in addition to being wrong in principle, it is also a bad deal for the recipients. . . . **William von Dreele** has had himself a little fun in a quintet of poems dedicated to the Emerging Nations.

➔ **Henry Hazlitt** leads off the Review section by sorrowfully deploring the Veritas Foundation's propensity for Overkill, and its failure to discriminate: a moral feat the more courageous in view of the Foundation authors' flattering references to Mr. Hazlitt's own books. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon** returns from a Smith-guided tour of the galaxy to report that the next great name for si-fi fans to conjure with is Cordwainer Smith's. . . . **Harold O. J. Brown** dons the reviewer's collar to discuss a book which attempts the defense of traditional moral patterns "while destroying every conceivable basis in faith and reason for observing them.". . . And **Francis Russell,** investigating a new format, transposes the reminiscent section from the beginning of his piece to the end as he celebrates, alone and sadly, the last ghosts of Vimy Ridge. ➔

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To the Editor

Ad Astra

Congratulations to James Burnham for a magnificent analysis of Presidential "seriousness" in the May 18 issue. It makes Lippmann-Alsop-Reston look like children trying to do a man's job. That's the kind of penetrating analysis that keeps *NR* on top. Keep it up and you'll break that 100,000 in no time.

Long Island City, N. Y. JAMES G. MCGINLEY

What in the Name of God . . . ?

Please send me a copy of your May 4, 1965 cover suitable for framing!

Park Ridge, Ill. ELEANOR HASEY

Your May 4 issue, so wonderfully well done, clearly illuminates the internecine tendencies of the struggle within the Catholic Church. Though my prayers are for the high hopes expressed by Garry Wills, I share fully L. Brent Bozell's alarm. What Catholic Liberals magnify as achievements (those "fresh ideas" Mr. Bozell devastatingly catalogued) now serve as springboards for confusion and division among Catholics. Where the Church once manned a solid front against international Communism, widening gaps now appear all along the line. Priests and nuns everywhere, particularly the vaunted "New Breed," should read and ponder every article in this issue.

A truly superb job, in keeping with Newman's motto—*Ex umbris et imaginibus in Veritatem.*

Bronx, N. Y. EDWARD T. WELCH

It amazes me, and I am gratified to find a secular magazine with views on my Church that are kind, thoughtful, protective, *traditional,* and defend the truth.

Lisle, Ill. MARLENE A. PRAIRIET

You have, it seems, uncovered a Liberal Establishment within the universal Church. Smite if you must, this new demon, but go slow enough to make those vital distinctions which keep conservatives from becoming reactionaries and right-wing ideologues. For instance, I am sure you would want to fire over the head of a conservative who endorses ecumenism because he sees it as an antidote to philosophical atomism and as an attempt to restore the historical unity of Christianity; who welcomes the emerging laity, not as a threat to Church authority, but as a source of new vitality for maintaining the historical mission of Christianity to bring all men to Christ; who views the new liturgy, with its emphasis on active participation, as an important step in the direction of genuine community, so vital in an age of ersatz concepts of brotherhood.

Brooklyn, N. Y. FRANK J. LUONGO

Thomas Molnar's piece, "The Ideology of Aggiornamento," was superb and should be read, carefully, by every Catholic and Christian who is interested in the welfare of the Church.

Minneapolis, Minn. M. C. BIERSMITH

The Church today is behaving much like an old dowager who has had too much to drink at a party. She is putting on a good show, getting lots of attention and making wonderful newspaper copy. She may regain her sobriety but it may take a long, long time to get back her dignity and effectiveness as a moral and intellectual leader. The flattery and blandishments of the Liberals bear a very high price tag.

The May 4 issue is a masterpiece and should be reprinted in booklet form.

EDWARD F. CUMMERFORD

Garden City, N. Y.

Reprints are now available—see page 475. —ED.

Orate, Fratres

I was one of those who simmered with Awe, Aghastness and Horror after reading the "distortions" of Buckley's talk to 6,000 of New York's finest. Then I read the complete Buckley address (*applause*) in the April 20 NATIONAL REVIEW and discovered my initial Aghastness was mild (*laughter*) compared to my total Horror after reading the address in its entirety (*more laughter*).

Mr. Buckley's statement to the *Times* is even more astonishing when he implies that bigotry spoken and applauded at a Communion Breakfast sponsored by the Holy Name of the Catholic Church is unbelievable, if not impossible. Does Mr. Buckley

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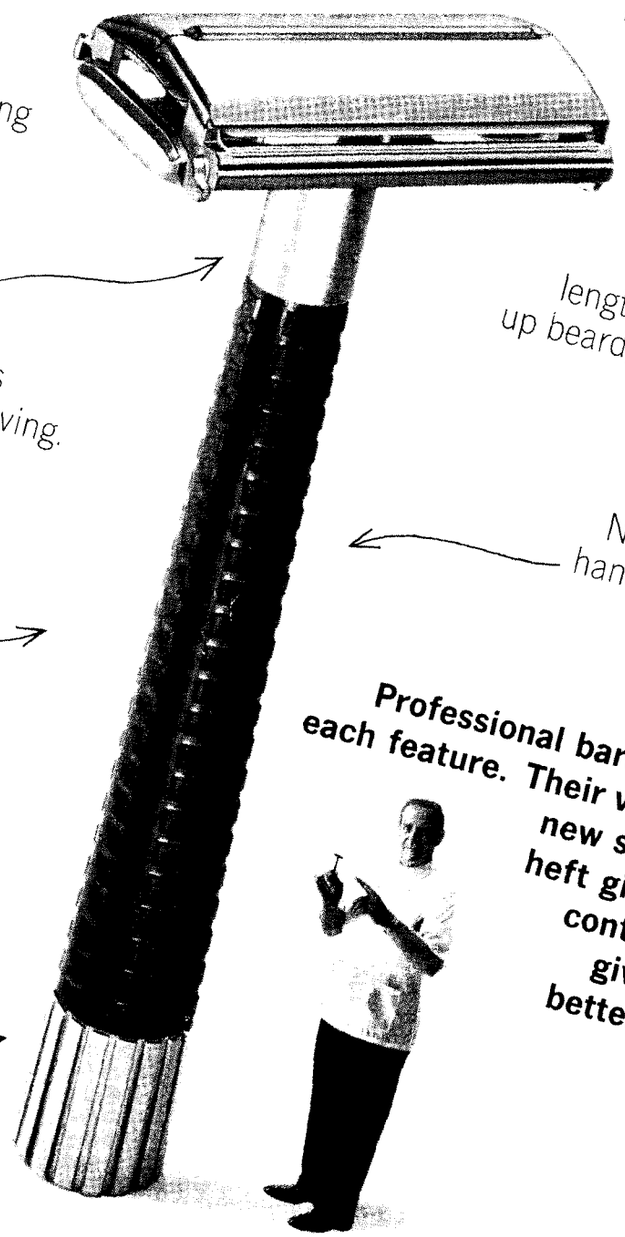

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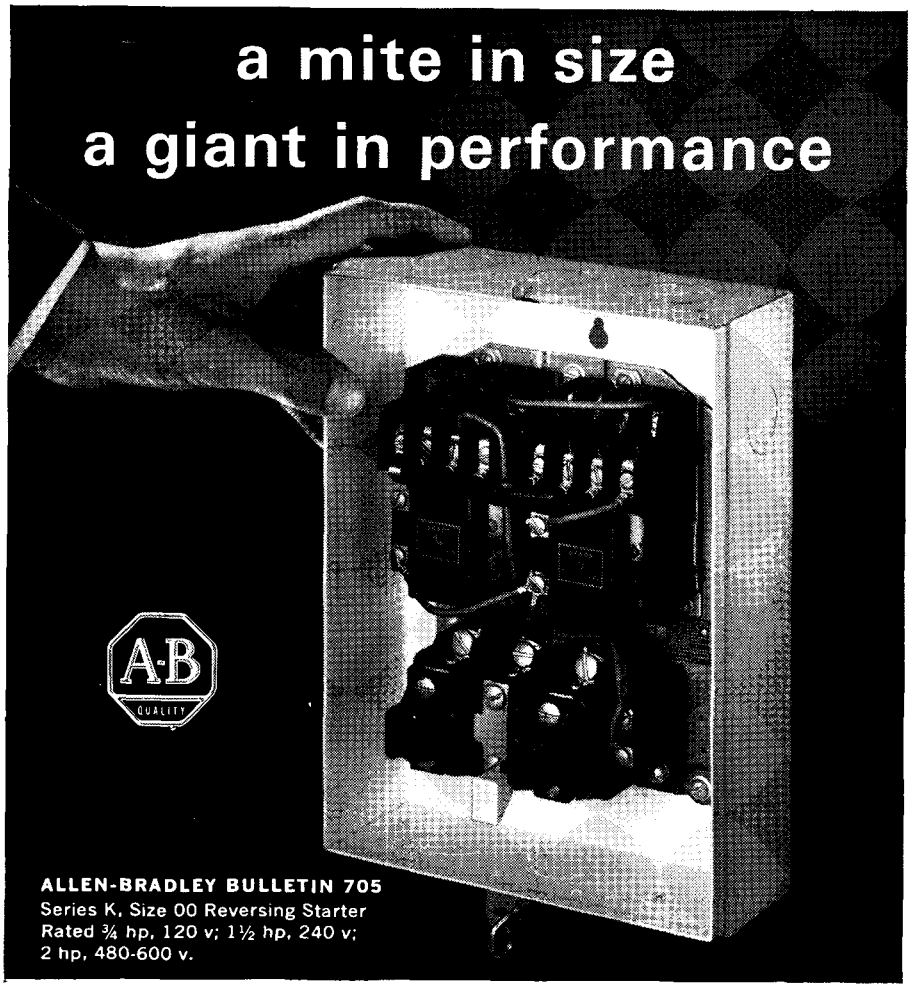
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suggest that the Holy Spirit was operating at the time and that the words uttered were infallible and inspired because of the circumstances?

Washington, D. C. O. GREGORY BURNS JR.

It would take nothing less than glossolalia to communicate to some members of the New York press.

—ED.

The only area of disagreement I find with Mr. Buckley's speech to the New York police is his counsel to be "sustained by the implicit gratitude of the people" from that "other world." As a police officer I can tell you that we don't want to be sustained by the gratitude of the people. We want to be sustained by outspoken support for law enforcement.

We are not sustained, sir. Please withhold my name if you print this. I don't care to be bitten by that dog Mr. Buckley spoke of.

Detroit, Mich. NAME WITHHELD

Square Roots

With reference to Theodore Sturgeon's review of Walter Sullivan's *We Are Not Alone* in the issue of March 9, one hopes that after the reader has summoned forbearance at the news that x to the third power "means that x has been multiplied by itself three times," he has enough endurance (as this reader managed) to discover whether this glaring goof is in the book or is Mr. Sturgeon's

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alone. In a footnote to the middle chart on pp. 64-65, the author does say that ten to the tenth power "represents 10 multiplied by itself 10 times." I'm afraid Mr. Sturgeon not only perpetuated the error but is guilty of what he criticizes—oversimplification.

But I'm glad I summoned forbearance. Mr. Sturgeon induced me to buy the book and I enjoyed it immensely.

Wilmette, Ill. R. L. HOFFMAN

A Reply

Sullivan goofed. I goofed. The editor goofed. We are not alone.

Woodstock, N. Y. THEODORE STURGEON

Constitutional Privacy

Contrary to Lawyer Williams ["To the Editor," Mar. 9] the Constitution does provide a "Right of Privacy." It is legal quibbling to debate whether William Rickenbacker had the same rights under the Fourth Amendment as Bobby Baker under the Fifth.

The eminent jurist Louis Brandeis, in a dissenting opinion in *Olmstead v. the United States,* said: "They [makers of the Constitution] conferred, as against the government, the right to be let alone, the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized man. To protect that right every *unjustifiable intrusion* by the government *upon the privacy of the individual,* whatever the means employed, must be deemed a violation of the *Fourth* Amendment, and the use of evidence in a criminal proceeding of facts ascertained by such intrusion must be deemed a violation of the *Fifth.*"

Los Angeles, Calif. WILLIAM F. MAHER

Vertical Observation

A word of deep appreciation and a couple of words of good-natured protest respecting Hugh Kenner's brilliant "The Invention of Space" [Feb. 23].

Perhaps I shall be dismissed as a hopeless Philistine; but, to me, it appears inescapable that the vertical was not an "invention" of pre-Karnak times but an *observation.* For thousands of years men had observed trees growing *vertically* upward. When one of them dropped a stone, he observed that it fell *vertically.* He observed that a stake driven into the ground would support a weight that could not be supported by a slanting stake.

(Continued on p. 477)

". . . . The creation of a mild Liberal or Socialist regime in some period of convulsion is the first milestone. But no sooner has this been created than it is to be overthrown. Woes and scarcity resulting from confusion must be exploited. Collisions, if possible attended with bloodshed, are to be arranged between the agents of the new government and the working people. Martyrs are to be manufactured. An apologetic attitude in the rulers should be turned to profit. Pacific propaganda may be the mask of hatreds never before manifested among men. No faith need be, indeed may be, kept with non-Communists. Every act of good will, of tolerance, of conciliation, of mercy, of magnanimity on the part of governments and statesmen is to be utilized for their ruin." (To be continued.)

WHAT IS COMMUNISM?

By THE HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, published in the NATIONAL REPUBLIC, November, 1957

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The WEEK

● Over Early Bird, Lyndon Bird went out to the people of Europe and within seconds Ludwig Erhard was asking for equal time. Will Comsat become an intercontinental party line for heads of state leaping to correct each other? Last week Europeans were remarking that on their end there are some 20 heads of state, on our end only one. Sounds to us like the last best hope for peace.

● Governor Rockefeller explained why he thought it would be a good idea to have a Democrat run on the same ticket with Republican John Lindsay: it would establish "a broader base for the two-party system." That's our Rocky.

● President Johnson's message to Congress gave only one sentence to the business of compulsory unionism. In flat, technical talk he came out for repeal of "14 (b)"—the section of the Taft-Hartley Act that allows the states to pass laws banning compulsory unionism. No bombast from LBJ. 'Twas quietly done. Speaker John McCormack had said, the week before, that he didn't have the votes to repeal 14(b). A bloody public uproar over it, with the White House swinging for keeps, would raise plenty of hostility towards Johnson in the nineteen states that have adopted right-to-work laws. The press, including the very symptomatic *New York Times,* has shown little thirst for compulsory unionism (have *you* ever negotiated with the printers' union?). Johnson may be covering his tracks before he makes them—playing the whole thing down, so that the possible defeat will not be construed as a personal affront to the most easily affronted President since John Adams.

● The International Ladies Garment Workers Union has given its support to the Administration's hard line in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. It is often overlooked that U.S. organized labor has a fine record in anti-Communist efforts, especially in foreign policy matters. The statement in which the ILGWU endorsed the Johnsonian warhawkery unfortunately contained the usual socio-romantic stipulations about setting up "democratic forces" and "advancing social justice" as the best way to combat subversion and aggression. But it was otherwise solid, and admirable.

● The story, as told by those who claim to have seen a copy, is that the Senate Rules Committee's unpublished report on the Bobby Baker investigation is nothing but a personal assault on Senator John Williams (R., Del.), who, though not a member of the Committee, forced the investigation and supplied it with the damaging testimony of Maryland insurance man Don R. Reynolds, which Committee Democrats went to such memorable lengths to impugn. How Mr. Baker got operating, or how others like him are to be kept from getting started in congressional conflict-of-interest profiteering, has not notably concerned the Rules Committee. But Senator Williams has, and Committee Chairman B. Everett Jordan (D., N.C.) compounded what insiders describe as an unprecedented breach of senatorial courtesy by refusing last week to face Williams on the Senate floor.

● Just last month we were scaring ourselves grey over the incredible episode of McGeorge Bundy's getting into the Sunday rotogravure with an armful of clearly marked and legible TOP SECRET DINAR government papers, and now here comes Richard Crossman, Labor Housing Minister in Her Majesty's Service, taking along a briefcase full of classified documents to a restaurant, openly mulling them over during dinner, paying the chit, and then—horror upon horror—walking off leaving eighteen precious pages under the bloomin' table. Luckily for England, unluckily for Mr. Crossman, the papers were retrieved, shoe-scuffed and claret-stained, by a member of the opposition party, the Conservative Geoffrey Blundell-Brown, who of course went straight to Scotland Yard. And the press. So relieved are we that we won't even ask what Blundell-Brown was doing under the table.

● Five thousand men showed up to apply for 300 openings on New York City's subway patrol—an unprecedented turnout in Police Department history. Most said they were attracted by the good pay and the job benefits. Whatever the motives, traumatized observers took instant comfort from the news that there were that many young men in New York on the side of the law.

● The Girard College in Philadelphia was established under the will of Stephen Girard to help "poor white orphan children." Mr. Cecil B. Moore, the intransigent president of the Philadelphia NAACP, has willed a picket line around the school, for the usual reasons. Mayor Tate has had to assign 1,000 policemen to the Girard College area, for the usual reasons. Tempers are hot. Former Mayor Richardson Dilworth took out after Moore in a broadcast speech, shouting, "Does this man want good education? No. He wants trouble and nothing else for the city." He urged the new Home Rule School Charter be adopted over the protests of the racists to "knock them down and knock them down good." Said the steaming Mayor Tate, "The president of the Philadelphia chapter of the NAACP has been carrying on a tirade against

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all responsible government." City Council President Paul D'Ortona has urged that Moore be arrested "for inciting to riot." Mr. Moore hasn't gotten any Negroes educated, but he *has* given a bunch of big-city Northern Democratic Liberals a powerful itch to skin him alive.

● If there are new parliamentary elections in Great Britain this summer, it will not be because Harold Wilson planned it that way. Last week's local elections, in which the Conservatives won 526 seats on municipal councils while Labor lost 419 and the Liberals 213, was a shock to the ruling Socialists. At worst, Wilson had expected to lose 250 seats. Had the local voting shown increased Socialist strength, the British Prime Minister was expected to call for new general elections immediately. That not having been the case, Mr. Wilson must play the waiting game while his party (he hopes) musters the strength throughout the country to increase its dangerously narrow three-seat majority in the House of Commons. And that, in turn, means that he will probably go as slow as the radicals in his own party will allow him to on the steel renationalization bill, lest he get dumped inadvertently, prematurely.

● The Children's Crusade hasn't forgotten the Hammermill Paper Corp. (NATIONAL REVIEW, Feb. 23), and has picketed two of its plants, in Erie and Philadelphia, Pa., because a third one, costing $25 million, is scheduled to be built in Selma, Ala. The idea, apparently, is that so long as Negroes do not have rights they should not have jobs either. It was the usual amalgam—SNCC, CORE, SCLC, NAACP—let out from the local colleges, whose administrators would have done better to clap their charges into classes in remedial logic.

● There were no Pulitzer Prizes in music, for the second time in two years. The music jury had unanimously recommended Duke Ellington, citing his achievements over the past half-century, but the advisory board said no. Does the advisory board not consider jazz to be music? Ellington to be a composer? "Almost everything Ellington has composed—I use that word advisedly; this is precisely how he built much of his music—is richly in the jazz *genre*. Yet his is a developing music. Experimental in its sonorities, in its instrumentation, in its palette, it was never revolutionary, faddish, or show-off. To a degree which highlights the genius of Duke Ellington, it was successful." (Ralph de Toledano, NATIONAL REVIEW, July 28, 1964.) The advisory board is deaf.

● The Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, an estimable organization devoted to the dissemination of the truths that make men free, is organizing its annual summer schools, one-week sessions open to (qualified) college students, tuition, board, and room free. There will be three sessions this summer: at the University of Pennsylvania (August 16-21); at Rockford College in Illinois (August 22-28); and at Claremont Men's College in California (August 29-September 4). The lecturers for the Philadelphia session haven't been announced. At Rockford, lecturers will include Professors Russell Kirk, Thomas Molnar, and Jerzy Hauptmann. At Claremont, Harry Jaffa, Martin Diamond, Ronald McArthur, and Thomas Molnar. Applications and requests for additional information should go to the ISI's national office, 629 Public Ledger Building, Philadelphia.

● Gather 'round and marvel, ye riders of the New Haven and Long Island, to the tale we now unfold. It is of great silver trains in the Land of the Rising Sun that speed between the cities of Tokyo and Osaka at a fleet 125 miles per hour—and whose passengers are the happiest of men. For if their train is so much as thirty golden minutes late, on its journey of 320 miles, face has been lost and can be regained only by the ceremonial return to the riders of their fares. O Tempora! O Hell!

Will LBJ Crumble?

President Johnson intervened in Santo Domingo with plenty of force (and it was prudent to send plenty) but no clear idea of what he proposed to do, beyond the immediate task of "saving American lives" and a vague resolve "to prevent another Cuba." In a critical situation we want the best possible idea as guide, but it is better to have *some* definite idea, even if considerably short of the best, than none. Lacking any idea, we are sure to flounder, and to confuse our friends while we embolden our enemies. At the same time we give those who *do* have a definite idea of what they want an undue chance of getting it. Our own physical force is dissipated in inaction, while they proceed.

This is what has been happening, after the initial shock of our landings wore off, in Santo Domingo. If we had given immediate, all-out and sustained support to General Wessin y Wessin, who seems at least as good a man as the others in sight, the opposition to him might have faded and a working government might have emerged quickly. But we ditched him for General Imbert. And then we wavered between Imbert and Gen. Caamaño Deno, after having announced that Caamaño's camp was infested with Communists. While we thus dawdled, the friends of the hysterical Bosch—in Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo and Washington—moved ahead on their path, and the converging Communists, whose ideas are entirely

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A Statement to the Friends of National Review

From: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

On May 4, on the program "Night Life," which is televised from coast to coast by the American Broadcasting Company, Mr. Artie Shaw classified me, before millions of listeners, as someone who "sells hate." In doing so he developed a theme he had strummed a few weeks before; which in turn grew out of the distorted coverage given by the *New York Herald Tribune* to a speech I made at a Holy Name Society Communion Breakfast attended by 6,000 New York policemen on May 4, the full text of which was published in *NR,* issue of April 20.

The coverage in the *Herald Tribune,* together with the invidious exaggerations of it published particularly—but by no means exclusively—in the *New York Post,* unquestionably influenced, though they hardly excuse, Artie Shaw in making slanderous remarks about me. The libels, moreover, reflect by association on NATIONAL REVIEW, with which I am identified; on the 150 newspapers that syndicate my column; and on the conservative cause I have sought to serve.

The libelous accounts implied that I praised the conduct of the police at Selma, Alabama, whereas I praised the police only for those moments during which they showed restraint, and criticized them for their subsequent behavior.

They implied that I exulted over, or at least took lightly, the assassination of Mrs. Liuzzo; whereas I called it a "ghastly episode," and otherwise went no further than to stress what President Johnson and Governor Wallace had correctly stressed, namely, the danger that awaited any demonstrator in Alabama who disregarded the facilities set up for his protection.

They suggested that I condone the treatment of the Negroes in every part of the South; whereas in my speech I spoke about the injustices to Negroes and the dishonoring of them in parts of the South.

So far am I and my associates from being sellers of hate, we have precisely contended, in this journal and elsewhere, for many years, that Christian love, understanding, patience, and a community spirit will improve relations between the races far sooner than any legislation: that it is hate, and fear, and suspicion, and unreason that we have primarily to oppose.

I have been damaged by these misrepresentations. And the happy prospects for the world we live in—whose hope for a rational solution to our problems presupposes the integrity of the discussion process—are also damaged by this kind of misrepresentation.

I protest the damage done to myself and to others linked with me, as colleagues and friends, in the defense of the conservative position in America. And I protest the abuse of free speech.

On Thursday, May 20, attorneys acting in my behalf instituted suit in the Superior Court of Connecticut, in Fairfield County, where I live, against Artie Shaw and against the *Herald Tribune* and the *New York Post* for a half million dollars each. The complaints evidence the charges I have made.

This is the first time in fifteen years of active life as a writer that I have ever filed suit against anyone for libel. But the laws against slander and libel, like the laws against murder and theft, are precisely there to be invoked against transgressors. If they are neglected, merely because of the pain and tedium, risk and expense, of using them, they fall into disuse, and anarchy reigns: as it did in the reporting of my talk, and again the evening Artie Shaw appeared on ABC.

FROM THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC REPORTER, MAY 12, 1965

Mr. Buckley's recent speech to Catholic policemen in New York City, dealing with police comportment in and around Selma, was objectionable enough on its face. But the reporter who spread the word, Fred Ferretti of the *New York Herald Tribune,* was not content with his minor role in this little ritual. He apparently thought it was up to him to make a blood sacrifice of Mr. Buckley. (According to good form, this is usually performed later by indignant editorial writers.)

In his *Tribune* story, Mr. Ferretti offered 26 quotes from the Buckley speech, most of them quite short. Nineteen of them were misquotations. Of the seven he got right, at least two were used unfairly. The ones he got absolutely straight, and used fairly (here presented in their entirety) were "10 days later," "acting under orders," "they might not proceed," "you must stand mutely," and "the Governor of Alabama." Lest the reader think Mr. Ferretti is particularly astute in handling quotes of four words or less, it should be pointed out that he flubbed six in this category.

Partial quotes, or quotes of less than a sentence, are themselves a debatable journalistic practice. Most papers use them sparingly; the *New York Times* won't allow them at all. But it is safe to say that someone who offers us a whole story full of partial quotes is an amateur. Someone who gets four-fifths of them wrong is more than an amateur. He is a menace. . . .

For instance, Mr. Buckley did not defend the actions of the police in Selma. In a phrase unreported by the *Tribune* he said clearly that they were guilty of excesses. All he asked was whether we are sure that some of the fury of the Selma police might not have been due to provocation under pressure. My own sympathy for Alabama law enforcement is not high, but Mr. Buckley's question is worth considering. A friend of mine who was on the scene told of one excited Negro who kept dancing within inches of a policeman and taunting him to try clubbing him over the head.

I think Mr. Buckley's speech, on the whole, was quite objectionable, both in thought and rhetoric. But there is no doubt that he has been treated rather shabbily, first by being subjected to a Pavlovian liberal response on the part of New York papers and pressure groups, few of which seem to have troubled themselves to discover what he actually said, and secondly, by the disinclination of the *Herald Tribune* to apologize for a wretched story.

JOHN LEO

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ The big news story here is not Santo Domingo, or Saigon, or even the mysterious comings and goings of Mac Bundy. It is Teddy Kennedy. His Senate performance on the poll tax—he led the floor fight to write a ban on state poll taxes into the pending voting rights bill, and came within four votes of victory—was nothing less than incredible. In his first Senate maneuver of any consequence Teddy broke with the leadership of both parties. He had done his homework, with the notable assistance of Harvard law professors Paul Freund and Mark DeWolfe Howe, and knew the bill and its precedents as well as any man in the chamber. In debate, unbending in his leather back-brace, moving slowly with the help of a silver-tipped cane, he spoke slowly, gracefully, to the point, consulting frequently with his top aide, Milton Gwirtzman. When the vote came, Teddy collected the moral victory, for it was apparent that the defeat of his amendment was a fluke victory for LBJ: Liberal Democrats Eugene McCarthy (Minn.), Vance Hartke (Ind.), Joseph Montoya (N.M.), and Clinton Anderson (N.M.) all were bludgeoned into voting the Administration line. It is obvious that Teddy, who was once thought to lack both Bobby's steel and Jack's brains, has been dangerously underrated: Teddy's Senate performance clearly overshadowed Bobby's break with LBJ on the Dominican crisis.

◆ Word is just now getting around that political reporter David Broder of the *Washington Star* has been hired away by the *New York Times*. Broder has established himself here as one of the brightest and best of the younger reporters, on a par with Allen Otten of the *Wall Street Journal* and Peter Lisagor of the *Chicago Daily News*, the best in town, men who work out of small bureaus but are never satisfied with the official version of fast-breaking stories. Broder has established a special reputation as an authority on Republican politics, and in that area ranks with columnist Robert Novak and *Times*men Earl Mazo and Joseph Loftus, and a cut above Scripps-Howard's Jack Steele and the AP's Jack Bell. Now Broder has signed on as another member of the huge *Times* Washington bureau (there are about 25 by-liners). It is unlikely that he will ever be bureau chief—the incumbent, Tom Wicker, is a contemporary, and younger men still are ahead of him; he will, rather, become a cog in the *Times* monolith, which some alarmists even now believe is evolving into an official national newspaper. The Broder incident is reminiscent of the *Times*' raid on the *New York Herald Tribune* several years ago, when they picked off Earl Mazo, then the *Trib's* leading political reporter. Mazo is heard from less and less, and spent the recent Presidential campaign missing the point at the GOP National Committee. Add Robert Semple, whom the *Times* plucked from the Washington bureau of the *National Observer* last year, and a half-dozen promising cubs, and the nation's press just begins to look like a farm system for the *Times*.

◆ Pros here are looking with new respect at three-term Texas Congressman Henry B. Gonzales (D.). Back in 1962, when Gonzales was the greenest freshman of all green freshmen, he ran afoul of Federal Aviation Agency chief Najeeb Halaby: Gonzales sailed into an FAA plan to shut down a pork-dispensing office in his home district, and Halaby dismissed his complaints with a few acid *ad hominem* remarks, as was his wont. Gonzales, enraged, stormed around the Capitol vowing to get Halaby. Surprisingly, he did. Two weeks ago Gen. William McKee was installed in Halaby's old job, and Gonzales is telling all who will listen that he has a hot line to his old Texas friend in the White House. Nobody's entirely convinced, but then nobody really wants to find out, either.

◆ Hand it to Ray Bliss: he has discreetly purged every living, breathing Goldwaterite from Republican National Headquarters. For the most part, they went quietly, some even on their own initiative as they began to notice that large decisions were being made without them. Some others, of the more flexible variety of politician, shifted their ideological coordinates and paid homage to the Bliss GOP. In the six months since the election, there has not been one story of internal warfare at the National Committee, and not because the press hasn't been looking: four-alarm headlines will go off at the first sign of a Goldwater revival. **—CATO**

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clear, advanced briskly along theirs. The President's aims will have to come soon into focus, or the entire structure will come to pieces; and it may in the end turn out that it will, in spite of the Marines, be Castro's men who put them together again.

Bomb the Bang

It was Page One when Mao dropped the second nuclear shoe; Page One, but cool. No one forgets that Mao is presumably a centipede. Western concern may be expected to hop up at about Shoe Five. Or Six. Or Seven. Having finally calmed the jitters with which it once contemplated the mere fact that critical masses breed chain reactions whenever someone with a chemistry set shoves one together, Public Opinion is now awaiting evidence of a workable weapons system before reserving space at the wailing walls: space which it may yet occupy just in time to find the walls themselves vaporizing.

Behind the bangs, which familiarity has transformed into rather vulgar noises emanating from the entrails of China, coordinated work is indisputably going forward: work on planes, on triggers, on in-flight arming methods, work on the techniques of

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Notes Towards a Grammar of the Dialogue

Dialogue is in the air and on the tongue: Dialogue is topical. Let us therefore think very hard about The Dialogue and set down a list of infallible principles capable of guiding the young in search of Her Divine Essence.

1) Do not enter The Dialogue unless you absolutely have to because otherwise you may find yourself without anybody to talk to. The Dialogue does not exist in order that you might talk to somebody about something or even nothing at all. The Dialogue exists in order that you might speculate upon—Dialogue.

2) If you must *dialogue,* do not do so for apostolic reasons because the Apostles of The Dialogue tell us that apostolic motives are impure. Impurity is defined as trying to convince the other man that he is wrong and you are right. Impurity is further specified, as are all genera, by hustling the other fellow off by the scrape of the neck to *your* baptismal font. This is considered dirty pool! Don't do it!

3) Always retain the Principle of Suspended Judgment, which is German for hiding the verb until off at the end (as Willmoore Kendall might say). But please remember that once you pull the verb out of the deck and throw it on the table, you are ruled out of the game. Strothman's German Grammar will help you learn the rules.

4) Get yourself a round table (non-Arthurian, however) because the circle is the perfect form for those who want to get in shape for The Dialogue: you go round and round.

5) Sell that pulpit!

6) Remember that Aristotle defines the syllogism as the union between two insights issuing in the marriage of the conclusion. Sue for a divorce!

7) The Dialogue will insist that you submit yourself to a severe discipline in your reading habits. Until The Dialogue gets around to a Revised Edition of History, you will simply have to dub in "separated" whenever you run across phrases such as, "The Arians were *in h——*," or, "Origen was suspected of being *in h——*." Although young ladies might be shocked by such language and although children ought not to be exposed to it at all, men matured and annealed in The Dialogue find therein a test of their courage and a proof of their devotion. Folks might be separated from us but nobody, really, is in "h——."

8) The Dialogue has its preferences and you had just better learn them: If you are a Catholic, you must warm to Tillich but not to Billy Graham; if you are a Protestant, Bea is your boy but definitely not Ottaviani; if you are either a Protestant or a Catholic, speak well of Will Herberg (but do not read him: he might surprise you unpleasantly).

9) The Dialogue, like all things human, has its own rhetoric, involving—as does all rhetoric—preferences: "open" against "closed"; "contemporary" against "modern"; "modern" against "medieval"; "primitive" against "civilized"; "biblical" against "scriptural"; and "scriptural" against "traditional." Our favorite word in The Dialogue is "noosphere" and our fondest enemy is "Christendom." Let no one say that The Dialogue prohibits judgments: we are all for noospheres and all against Christendoms.

10) You get one noosphere free when you sign up for The Dialogue.

11) You may use this noosphere more than once: it is good for one lecture by Hans Küng and another by Michael Novak.

12) In The Noosphere (I mean, The Dialogue) we definitely prefer time over space unless the space in question is outer space. Always speak well of time but qualify your remarks about space: otherwise you might find yourself in a pre-Ongian universe and this would be a tragedy indeed.

13) All Enemies Within And None Without.

14) All Enemies To The Right And None To The Left.

15) In The Dialogue we never dialogue about Hungary, Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia. We prefer to seek positive values in Marxist humanism.

16) The Dialogue considers Maritain's "existentially Christian but institutionally laicist civilization" a bit out of date but will accept your copy of *Integral Humanism* or *Man and the State* as a ticket of admission to the inner sanctum of its deliberations.

17) The Dialogue likes John Courtney Murray on religious liberty but not on natural law. Bear this in mind once you begin to circulate freely inside the Temple.

18) If you are attached to the Pentagon you *may not* dialogue and there's an end to it!

19) Please remember that The Dialogue dislikes "triumphalism." It is very bad taste to triumph over anything these days. The Dialogue prefers to "maximalize."

20) Please "maximalize" all those positive values you find in secularist civilization. You know what I mean—those *positive* values surrounding you every moment in your existence.

21) Negative Principle: Do not, by any means, show any enthusiasm for the late Mr. T. S. Eliot and condemn Evelyn Waugh to oblivion; despise your past; lose your sense of humor; speak badly of Spain and Italy; hate Portugal.

22) Praise Holland.

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

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Happy Thoughts

Fulbright's wretched; Morse is mad;
Javits says we have been had;
Wechsler hints at "Budapest";
Huntley-Brinkley look depressed;
Reston's mad enough to spit;
Lippmann's rage is *exquisite.*
Oh what fun it is to say:
"All the way with LBJ!"

W. H. VON DREELE

miniaturization which will finally transform experimental models perhaps the size of a locomotive into portable packages suitable for jettisoning above Saigon or Melbourne or Hawaii. Which, or the threat of which, is naturally what Mao has in mind.

As this work goes on we may expect its centers to disperse. This month the Chinese nuclear effort is very likely still gathered rather near the test site. In six months, or twelve months, by the time of Bang Three or Bang Four, it will by the very logic of ramifying complexity be far less conveniently concentrated.

The time to play it cool, in NATIONAL REVIEW's continuing opinion, will be *after* we have swatted a fly still barely larger than a locomotive. We could still, after ample warning to vulnerable civilians, disarm the Red Chinese nuclear capacity with a bombing run of our own. But Bang Two serves notice that the time draws steadily nearer when we won't know where to swat first. It may well have been the—metaphors be hanged—the last quack of a still-sitting duck.

Teaching In

MODERATOR: We are pleased to have with us today Dr. Meistersinger, a former member of the Administration, distinguished professor, scholar and author of note. Dr. Meistersinger will defend the position of the Administration.

MEISTERSINGER: I'd like to say first how gratifying this tremendous turnout is to me personally. In the open society one should not take the government for granted, especially when one is not employed by the government. (*Applause.*) Fundamentally, and taking all factors into consideration in a situation where there is no black and white only many shades of grey, and with full awareness of the historic complexities that condition the decision-making process, but nevertheless mindful that decisions of one sort or another must sometimes be made, let me say that on balance, and in the absence of viable alternatives about which those of us in the academic world can have no first-hand information, I would probably tend to support the Administration's present effort in Vietnam. (*Boos, some hissing.*) Let me qualify that. Life is not easy. (*Scattered applause.*) We are all involved in the existential dilemma. Negotiation is the only way out. We should never have gone in. We should never have bombed North Vietnam. There can be no military solutions. (*Cheers, applause.*) Yet we have committed ourselves in the Geneva agreements of 1954 to a defense of South Vietnam, and while I agree that that commitment was wrong, wrong, wrong (*applause*), I do not see how we can refuse to honor it at this time.

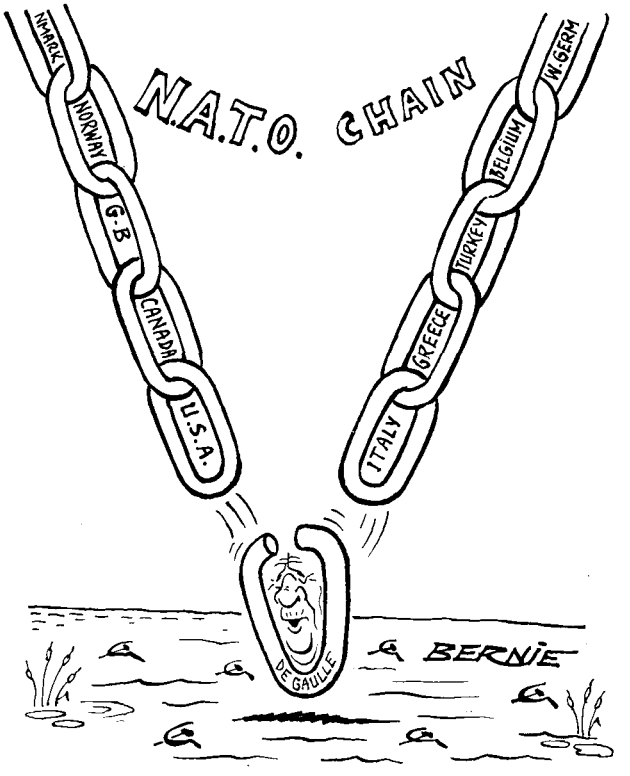
(*Boos, hisses, cries of "Throw him out."*)

MODERATOR: Before we proceed to the negative view of Administration policy, I'd like to remind the spectators that the Administration is entitled to a full and orderly hearing. We should not let the Administration's apparent unwillingness to put this unprecedented, national, all-day TV and radio discussion above the momentary affairs of state, color our attitudes toward its actions in Vietnam. Are there any questions for Dr. Meistersinger?

USHER: I have a lady in the balcony, Doctor.

Speaking for Ourself, John . . .

New York is going absolutely mad on the subject of John Lindsay. And the enthusiasm is quite other than that which would be justified by either a) the



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prospect of liberation from the rule of Wagner (it isn't all that bad; or rather, not that much worse than it would be under Lindsay); or b) the absolute irresistibility of John Lindsay (who is undeniably attractive, but after all New York has Barbra Streisand, and Rudolf Nureyev, and doesn't go ga-ga over big Ivy League types who go around making commencement addresses about the decline and fall of the Brooklyn Navy Yard); or any combination of a) and b). What is happening is that Mr. Lindsay is being paid off for his gallantry in refusing to endorse the Republican choice for the Presidency a year ago.

One can understand the Liberals' rejoicing at a fellow Liberal's organizing to take over the party of the opposition. It is a little stranger to see the burst of enthusiasm from the Republican orthodox. Chairman Ray Bliss has been preening all week, and gives signs of being so pleased with himself he can hardly bear it. We certainly can't. New York may need a better mayor, no doubt does. But the GOP doesn't need to become as Liberal as John Lindsay, if it is to retain its identity as a different party from the Democratic Party. Lindsay, of course, wants to run for the Presidency. For which post he would certainly, on the basis of his record, receive the backing of the ADA. As between him and, say, Lyndon Johnson, we would feel the same scruples of conscience about voting Republican that John felt during 1964.

There Goes a Good Man

For eighteen years one of the brightest quarter-hours in the radio schedule has been the evening news roundup presented by Sun Oil Company, edited by Mr. Ray Henle, and traveling under the name "Three-Star Extra." But on May 28 the program will broadcast its valedictory. Mr. Henle has reached the age of 65 and is determined to devote more of his time to the Hoover Institution at Palo Alto. Sun Oil, having sponsored Lowell Thomas for fifteen years before taking up "Three-Star Extra," is thus left without a first-class news broadcast for the first time in 33 years.

Beaton, Toronto *Telegram* Ben Roth Agency

Mr. Henle and his staff were first-rate. Ned Brooks, Fred Morrison, and David Wills have made themselves and their voices familiar to millions. It was always a wonder how so perfectly cooperating a team came to be put together. It is a cause for great regret that it is being dispersed. You don't come across people like that every day. For any company that wants to take up where Sun Oil left off, the situation represents quite an opportunity.

To Mr. Henle, our thanks for eighteen years' service to sound newscasting. And our wishes for good luck out West.

Zoo Talk

At Yale a week or so ago the wildmen gathered from all over to discuss the need of extreme action to reorder the world to their lofty paradigms. About three hundred of them—largely socialists, Communists, and anarchists (we have it on the authority of *Yale Daily News* reporter Dennis Jaffee)—heard Tom Hayden, former chairman of Students for a Democratic Society, express his concern, in shirtsleeves, for other people than himself, for those who wear coats and ties. His principal organizational concern was for a new type of civil rights groups in which "everyone will be able to say what they want, no matter who they may be. Ideas," he concluded, "should be talked out by every person concerned, no matter how long that takes." (Question: will socialism guarantee an audience for such talkathons?) Mr. Hayden was followed by Mr. James Shabazz, who succeeded Malcolm X, and quickly established that there is no problem over the succession by announcing that "capitalism in its present highly developed state means slavery for the black man. It is naiveté to think that this evil government will take any steps to give blacks the right to vote."

"To enslave us," he expanded, "they [the wh-t-m-n] had to dehumanize us." How did we do that? "They placed a picture of a white Jesus Christ over our fireplaces, thereby establishing a racial Pavlovian reflex that has lasted 400 years." (Vatican III will presumably be asked to establish that Christ was a mulatto.)

The Negro lawyer Conrad Lynn of Harlem opposed America's role in Vietnam. "The audience applauded him," reports the *Yale News*, "when he announced that several Negroes had gone to Asia to enlist in the

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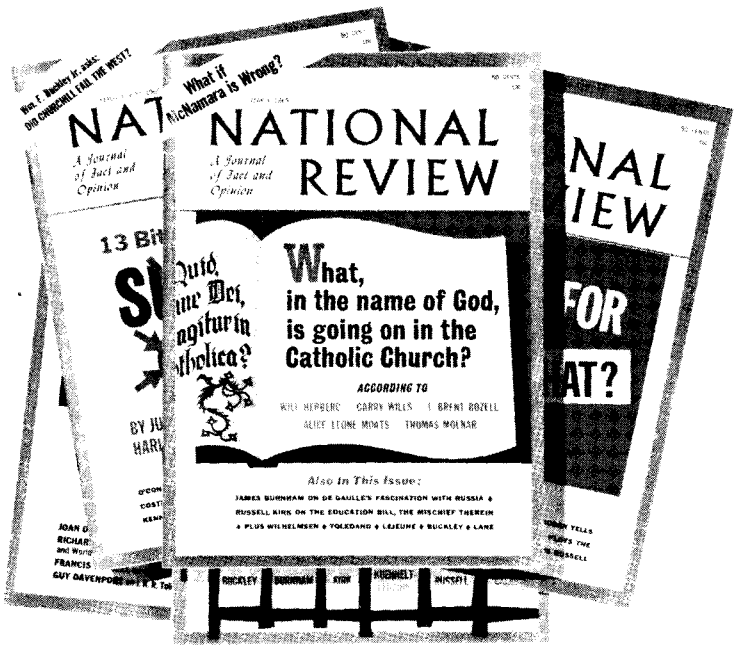
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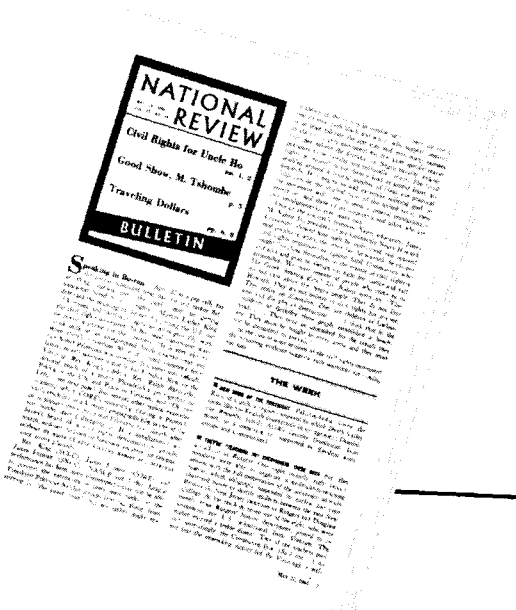

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This offer is good for a limited time only—so mail the card now, before we change our minds.

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North Vietnamese army to fight against the United States." What is going on in Southeast Asia, in a word, is that "the United States white supremacist army has been sent out to suppress the non-white people of the world," said Mr. Lynn.

Who was followed by the Communist Aptheker. "The nature of our society is exclusionary and racist," he began. And concluded, "Negro nationalism is the undoing of U.S. imperialism."

Leo Huberman, editor of the Communist *Monthly Review*, merely read out of the Communist catechism ("We live in a dictatorship of private ownership of the machinery of production"), while Russ Nixon, managing editor of the *National Guardian*, came up with a parallel between Selma and Vietnam: the policy in both places is "hostile to popular rule."

"The purpose of the symposium," summed up acting instructor of philosophy James D. Millikan, "was to provide a more solid and theoretical basis for socialist thinking. I think this happened." Surely not, to judge from the printed excerpts. Socialism has long since been discredited intellectually. But when did it get so creepy?

William H. Book, RIP

INDIANAPOLIS. William H. Book, who died recently, was for three decades the driving force behind the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce. He was one of the most energetic and public-spirited citizens the community has ever known. There were few civic projects in which Book didn't have a hand, few aspects of municipal life in which he did not exert a constant and effective force for the better.

It was in large part owing to his influence that Indianapolis, virtually alone among large metropolitan centers, has stood so long as an example of self-reliance. And that example, in turn, helped spread the novel idea that a city does not have to go on the national dole to achieve civic progress.

During Book's thirty years of leadership as executive vice-president of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, the city became famous as a citadel of independent thought and action. While other communities were reaching with both hands for federal largess and national fetters, Indianapolis for the most part traveled its own road. Despite constant pressures from within and without the community, Indianapolis refused federal handouts for flood control, school lunches, urban renewal, hospitals.

Book's arguments against federal "aid" were effective. He could tell you instantly how much more federal welfarism cost Indiana than it brought into the state; exactly how it induced controls over local activities, the delay and confusion which resulted from Washington's direct authority, and the violation of constitutional prescription implicit in many federal "aid" schemes.

Yet he was not content with mere resistance to federal intrusion. No conservative was ever less vulnerable to the Liberal taunt, "But what are you *for?*" What Book was "for" was visible at every point in his daily life: in the affirmative spirit of those who worked for him and with him, and in the landscape of Indianapolis. During his tenure at the Chamber, our city developed pioneer programs in local urban renewal and self-help housing, raised millions of dollars for hospital expansion, took care of its own flood control needs, and fed its own school children.

All of this was done, precisely as Book had said it could and should be done, with less cost and delay than would have been the case with federal "aid." And the result, as word of what was happening reached out into the country through the *Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest,* and other national media, was to alert other communities around the nation to the possibilities of self-help. In consequence, municipal rejection of such things as federal urban renewal grants has in recent years become increasingly frequent.

In addition to all these achievements, and all his long service in civic enterprises ranging from the 500-Mile Race and the United Negro College Fund, to the Flanner House self-help agency, Book took an active interest in education. He served on the board of both Franklin College, his alma mater, and Indiana Central College, instituted the Chamber's effective and nationally acclaimed program of economic education for use in local public schools, and worked tirelessly in behalf of such organizations as the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists.

He was a cause of pride to his community, and an inspiration to those who knew him.

M. STANTON EVANS

Notes and Asides

CAUGHT SHORT DEPARTMENT: Us—in failing to make provisions to supply reprints of a number of articles and reviews, most of them in the issue of May 4, that relate to the turmoil going on in the Catholic Church. But we have made amends, stitching together the article that started it all—Evelyn Waugh's "The Same Again Please" (December 4, 1962)—with the great humorous best-seller "Gnostics on a Train" (February 23, 1965) and the articles in the May 4 issue by Frederick Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills, Brent Bozell, Thomas Molnar, Alice-Leone Moats, and Will Herberg. A handsome pamphlet, available now (see page 475 for full details).

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ON THE RIGHT

What We Need is a Law

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The current issue of a mass magazine offers, for a mere $18, to send you a little ("Weighs only 4 lbs.!") device that looks like a miniature radar antennae and guarantees to bring to your ear private conversations being held a full 500 yards ("Five times the length of a football field!") away. And wait a minute, lest you spend the full measure of your delight at the mere prospect of being able to eavesdrop: there is a jack behind the instrument into which you can plug your tape machine so as to be able to record said conversations and play them back ("Be the life of the party!") to your friends! Not bad, is it? For a mere $18 you can violate the privacy of anybody within five football fields' distance of you, and arrange to preserve that violation forever on magnetic tape.

Buckley

Olive Tells All

And this, of course, is only one of a number of gadgets being assembled for the wars against privacy. The little microphone is not yet being offered for sale to anyone over or under 21, but it does, we know from testimony before a congressional committee, exist, and no doubt will be on the market soon: a mike so small that it will fit inside the olive you plunk into the mark's martini. It was not made clear what happens in the event the mark decides to swallow the olive. Presumably you would then be able to record all the emunctory noises of the body processes. That contingency is not spoken of. Presumably you will not want to spy on anyone so uncouth as to swallow the olives that go into martinis.

And of course we have known for years about the telephone bugging devices. Slightly technical, these: it takes at least a half hour's instruction to learn to install them, an intellectual labor most snoopers would not desire to subject themselves to. But there are those who do know how to handle them, and we are told it is as easy as can be to rig up the little bugs and stow them away some place where they can sit day after day and record everything you have to say, to your wife, to your neighbor, to your partner, to your doctor, to your priest. What fun! ! !

Conservatives are presumptively opposed to the passage of laws telling people they can't do things. But here is a classic situation where the affirmation of an individual's right overpowers the presumption against the passage of new laws and indeed dictates their passage. More and more it becomes plain that privacy is the key to liberty. Privacy considered in the larger sense, as the right not only to insulate yourself against the importunities of a bustling, hustling order, but to preserve to yourself the ground within which to maneuver.

How shrewd the man who observed that Sigmund Freud did more to deprive people of their privacy than any man who ever lived. How? by popularizing a set of categories of disturbed behavior into which we tend to slot people whose syndromes we vaguely recognize, inviting ourselves to ignore the infinitely various character of individual human beings. Our psychologized, anthropologized concern for other people tends to be skin deep; tends to be a manifestation of our concern for ourselves. We give ourselves the illusion of understanding other people's illusions, projections of our own self-pity and self-absorption. "Tiresias," Professor Hugh Kenner has written, referring to the man who, for seeing things he shouldn't have seen, was changed into a woman for one year by an angry god, and thereafter has served as the symbol of the insider's knowledge of the other sex—of other people—is "he who has lost the sense of other people as inviolably other." The fact that we cannot ever really know other people is merely one of several ways by which we reason to the necessity of their privacy: their right to inviolability against any effort by others to intrude, uninvited, into their private world. So far have we come from privacy that we consider as perfectly routine instruments of amusement the paraphernalia for assaulting the innermost thought of *other* people.

Public Pushups?

The great insight of Orwell was of course that privacy is the principal enemy of the totalitarian state. So that in the world of his nightmare, even the calisthenics you did in the morning were observed by Big Brother. And the torture machine was specifically designed to focus on your most private horror. All of which would appear to be a long way away from the snoop machines that are coming on the market, but what isn't coming on the market is the instinctive recognition of the necessity to fight any invasion of privacy.

Let us, then, have yet another law. Rather, fifty state laws (why a federal law?), forbidding the sale or purchase or ownership of anti-privacy devices, with a penalty attached that will guarantee to any miscreant user thereof the privacy of a jail cell for a couple of months. Meanwhile, if you desire private conversations, you will apparently have to walk out into the woods six football fields away from any house with $18 to spare and a young Tiresian in residence.

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The Third World War

What Price Liberalism?

JAMES BURNHAM

This country is presently engaged in two very considerable military operations. In Southeast Asia we are in reality at war, and even in the Caribbean we are suffering very real casualties. Meanwhile on the domestic front the opposition to the present course is both widespread and intense.

Burnham

The President is reported distressed and angry at this opposition to his policy. Well might he be: for it is not merely "his policy" but the nation's security and vital interest that are at stake. They are at stake, or come to be, whether or not the decisions that led to our involvement were correct. This is the meaning behind the older rule of the loyal citizen: "My country, may she be ever in the right, but my country right or wrong!" Generally speaking, a nation is injured or destroyed by losing a war even if it's the wrong war.

Will the President reflect on the kind of opposition that has developed, and its primary sources? Hardly any of it comes from the Right. It goes without saying that Communists and other revolutionaries are part of it, together with the pacifists, more extreme and alienated civil righters and miscellaneous radicals. Alongside, in a de facto united front, is a large proportion of the authentic — *i.e.*, ideologized rather than merely expediential — Liberals, especially the Liberals of the university faculties and other verbalist occupations. What this united front is saying to the nation boils down to: Curl up and die! The nation begins to pay the price of its liaison with Liberalism. In the midst of an acute multiple crisis, Liberalism confirms its definition as the ideology of Western suicide.

I have never believed Lyndon Johnson to be an ideological Liberal—my judgment here has always coincided with that of the ADA, which considered John F. Kennedy's choice of Johnson as running mate to be this century's Great Betrayal. Lyndon Johnson's intuitions, sentiments and morality seem to have non-Liberal roots. But as an ambitious politician entering politics in the FDR era, he swam with the currents in which he found himself; and these were Liberal currents. Welfarism doubtless recommended itself to him partly from the demonstrated success of the Harry Hopkins' "Spend and spend, elect and elect" principle, partly from the Biblical training and hard times of his youth. He picked up the Liberal jargon, second-hand, as he went along.

Caught in a Bind

In Southeast Asia and the Caribbean, Mr. Johnson has moved against the Left in a manner counter to Liberalism's ground rules; hence the screams from the Liberal linesmen. But in both official and personal life, Mr. Johnson is still himself surrounded for the most part (though not exclusively) by Liberals; he is still mentally bathed in a predominantly Liberal rhetoric; and he is not equipped with an alternative non-Liberal conceptual apparatus of his own. So he is caught in a bind. His military actions are out of phase with his adopted politico-philosophic system; his own determination, shared by his military captains and some of his personal associates, is in conflict with the built-in capitulationism of his Liberal friends and aides. The result shows up plainly: a firm military move is followed by a confused and sentimental speech; a shrewd maneuver in the field is permitted to bog down in a political stalemate. Mr. Johnson has no way out of his bind unless he brings himself to a conscious rejection of Liberalism, at least in its full ideological form, and a political break with most, at least, of the Liberals among his key aides and advisers. The Liberals can motivate the assassination of a Ngo Dinh Diem, but they opt for negotiation with a Ho Chi Minh; they will agree to any amount of backing for a Juan Bosch, no matter how cozy he is with the Communists, and they'll always balk at combatting an outfit that includes a Bosch.

The Teach-In Farce

The impossibility of Mr. Johnson's present position was illustrated by the farcical "national teach-in" May 16. In the morning performance the Administration was "defended" by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., whose defense consisted of: eloquent praise of "the protest movement"; a declaration that U.S. entry into Vietnam was a mistake from the beginning; an attack on air raids against North Vietnam; an attack on intervening in the Dominican Republic without prior OAS authorization; a severe condemnation of the Secretary of State; a conclusion that "negotiation is the only answer." When Schlesinger finished, there was not much left for the two "opponents" to do.

Not a single spokesman for a hard policy—though there are scores with adequate academic credentials—was at hand. One or two "defenders"—Prof. Robert Scalapino notably—presented relevant information ignored or suppressed by the "opponents"; but even Prof. Scalapino said not a word about military action and concluded with the proposal that "we should, of course, negotiate" and "maintain two open channels not only for the neutrals but for the Communists, one in which we urge social, economic, cultural exchange, one in which we urge peaceful coexistence—yes, with China as with others." Just to show how fierce we are, we will also keep open the "other channel in which we say we will not surrender unconditionally [conditionally is evidently another matter], we will not be driven out by a philosophy that regards compromise as evil as long as it takes that stand [though afterwards we are presumably open to offers]." There's something to fight and die for, you 47,500 advisers!

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Decision East of Suez

Geopolitically, the U.S. should take over Britain's responsibilities in the Indian Ocean. Whether she will is another question.

C. J. CREEKMORE

Until recently the United States paid scant attention to the Indian Ocean as an important geographic fact of life. Many Americans are aware that the Persian Gulf harbors the world's greatest reserves of oil, that much tea comes from Ceylon, and that Zanzibar used to be famous for its cloves —at least until successful Cuban-trained revolutionaries replaced cloves with Marx. If you followed the orbits of Mercury and Gemini you know that Madagascar is the site of the most important tracking station outside the United States, and that Mahe, on the Seychelles, is the site of another station. But few, if any Americans ever considered the Indian Ocean as a crucial strategic element in the conduct of our foreign policy.

The British have always felt the strategic importance of the Indian Ocean much more keenly than their American cousins. East of Suez was the heart and soul of the English empire: India, Ceylon, Singapore—and the expanding and vigorous outposts of Australia and New Zealand. Then, as now, the warships and freighters and wireless stations which kept the West close to its interests depended on friendly control of the Indian Ocean. More recently, there has been the realization that if a major power can control that ocean, it can project its influence onto the shores of all the burgeoning, underdeveloped nations which ring the area: Tanzania, Kenya, Pakistan, India, Burma, and Ceylon, are all open to penetration from the sea.

Although its interest has in no ways diminished, the British Government recently informed the United States that it can no longer afford the costs involved in being the principal guarantor of Western interests in the area. This admission, coupled with increased American interest in the Indian Ocean's role in present and future space operations, and the desire to fill any power vacuum that might be exploited by Peking or Moscow, has led to several extremely significant events in recent months.

For some time a small but influential group in the State Department and Pentagon has been developing plans for establishing an American presence in the Indian Ocean. Although meeting with pained outrage from American and British Liberals who become aware of it, the Soviet Union, and a variety of Asian and African nations, these plans have had the full backing and encouragement of the British Government. The time is right to describe the rationale behind these plans, their preliminary content, and why, like far too many of our so-called "strategic plans," the response is probably doomed to failure.

'Afro-Asian Ocean'

The Indian Ocean is the world's third largest body of water. Covering an area of over 28 million square miles, it is roughly square in shape, facing a continent on each side: Africa on the West, Asia on the North, Australia on the East, and Antarctica on the South. Topographically, the region has been likened to a bowl, with the ocean as the bowl's center and the mountain masses of East Africa, the Himalayas, and the deserts of Western Australia constituting an effective isolating rim. Communication among the three major regional powers—South Africa, India and Australia—is primarily via the sea. There are no common road or rail networks, and even air travel is poorly developed. The Indian Ocean region is the home of close to one billion people, concentrated primarily in India, Pakistan, and Indonesia.

Political domination of the region can rest on one of two strategic keys. The first was held by the British in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: India. The Indian subcontinent is poised like a literal dagger over the entire region. With adequate bases on the Indian subcontinent a power can dominate trade and communications throughout the entire region. It was the Bombay Marine, the naval arm of the British East India Company, that made the seas safe for England. From Egypt and Aden to Borneo and South China, the ships and men of the Bombay Marine swept the sea of pirates and Portuguese, bombarded local sheiks and rajahs into submission, explored new lands and acquired new territories. Although the India of today has neither the strength nor the determination to play a similar role, her strategists dream of the day this will come to pass.

A second strategic key to the region lies with its minor islands. Often no more than a few acres of sand and jungle, they lie across major routes of commerce and communication. An Indian strategist has observed that their value,

> lies either in their being so remote from the mainland as to constitute valuable potential advanced bases or in being in sufficient proximity to a major land mass or maritime or air route as to block it without the costly occupation of large areas or territory and continued contact with an enemy by the land forces.

For example, Socotra in the Gulf of Aden controls the eastern approaches of the Suez Canal; the Comoro Islands in the Mozambique Channel dominate traffic on the East African Coast; the Chagos Archipelago, so centrally located, would be an ideal naval base for domination of the entire region; the Cocos Islands are a key to communication between India and Australia—as well as a potential knife in the back of Indo-

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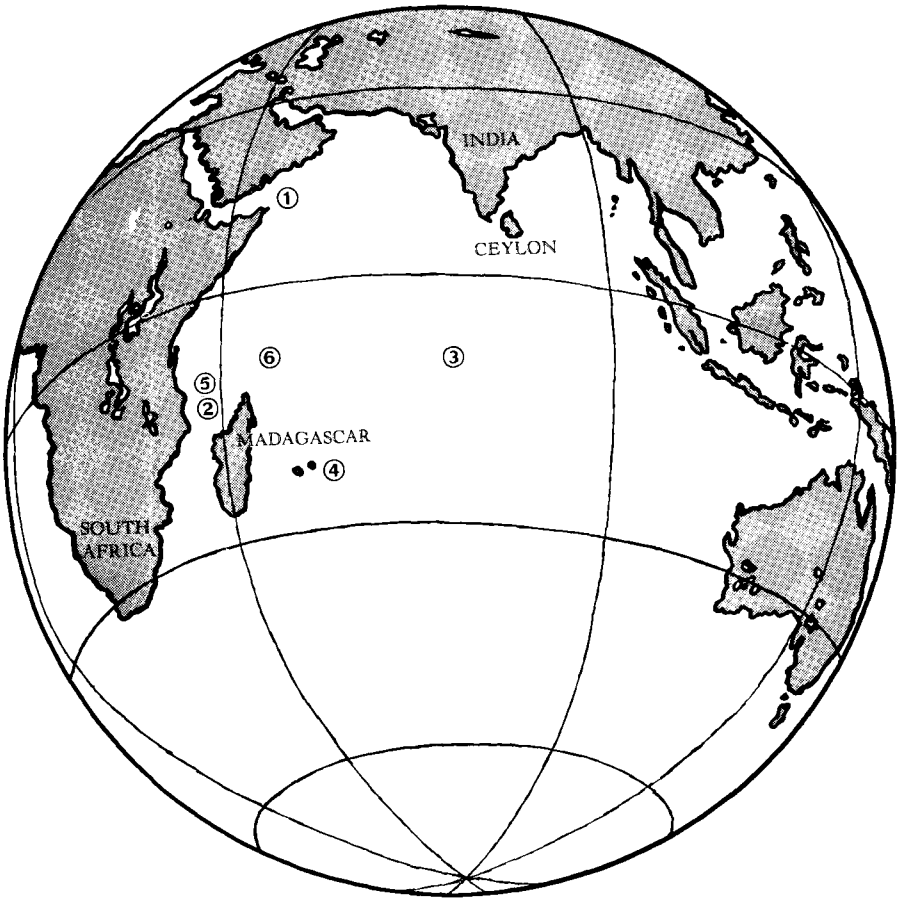
nesia. The importance of the Indian Ocean, or "Afro-Asian Ocean," as some strategists would call it, is at last being realized by the United States.

One year ago the aircraft carrier *Bonhomme Richard,* with three escorting destroyers and an oiler, passed through the Malacca Straits between Singapore and Indonesia and set about to establish "an American presence" in the Indian Ocean. The cruise lasted a month, included calls at Madagascar, Kenya, and Aden, and a weapons display for the Shah of Iran. According to those who sponsored it, the the cruise of the "Concord Squadron" (as it was designated) was solely to advance American political interests.

Last August the American search for island bases in the Indian Ocean finally came to light ir the *Economist* and *Washington Post.* The *Post* story, in particular, showed how the concept of island bases fitted into overall American strategy, and specifically mentioned Diego Garcia, in the Chagos Archipelago, and Aldabra, near Madagascar, as likely spots for development. The types of bases publicly discussed have been a naval communications station, staging bases for amphibious task forces, air bases, and replenishing sites for nuclear submarines and naval task forces.

The rationale behind these recent moves boils down to this: Washington and London have decided to accept, in the next five years, a withdrawal from the East African, Middle Eastern, and East Asian mainland. But in accepting this withdrawal, new positions will be prepared from which, hopefully, Western influence can be projected onto the mainland, and the lines of communication with Australia and New Zealand maintained. These new positions are to be certain key islands in the Indian Ocean. Thus we will step backwards, off the mainland and onto such plots of unfamiliar sand and jungle as Gan, the Cocos and Diego Garcia. Aden, Trincomalle, Bombay and (when the time comes) Singapore are to be surrendered to the non-Western forces.



The Indian Ocean showing the strategic locations of a number of the islands mentioned in Mr. Creekmore's article. **1.** Socotra. **2.** Comoro Islands. **3.** Chagos Archipelago. **4.** Mauritius. **5.** Aldabra. **6.** Seychelles.

In essence, the Concord Squadron and island bases in the Indian Ocean amount to only superficially vigorous and aggressive gestures. In reality, they are defensive maneuvers and adjustments, attempts to salvage some Western influence in the area, and to retain some lines of communication with Australia and New Zealand. To rescue white hostages in the Congo a few months ago required an intricate military operation, originating in Europe and staged through Ascension Island in the South Atlantic. Five years ago a similar incident would have been squelched in a matter of hours with a planeload of paratroopers from the great central African base of Kamina.

The island base strategy for the Indian Ocean is doomed to failure. Not because it isn't a sound strategy in itself, but because the same weaknesses which have destroyed our positions on the mainland will reappear and sap the vitality of any new ones we may choose to construct.

In a variety of ways Cuba is the reason why this failure is so certain. We tolerate a hostile and revolutionary regime ninety miles from our shores and believe that we can maintain a secure position on the other side of the world in the middle of a vast ocean. The revolutionary activities of the Cuban regime have shown no signs of slackening; indeed they are becoming more sophisticated and far-ranging every month. In January 1964, Cuban-trained and Cuban-financed agents overthrew the pro-Western government of a newly-independent Zanzibar. Although superficially absorbed by the mainland government of Tanganyika, many of these same elements continue their work in East Africa, and on such islands as the Comoros and Mauritius as well.

It is true that the most overt attempt by the Russians to establish a presence in the Indian Ocean has just ended in ignominious failure. Five Russian trawlers arrived in Ceylon in March after a journey of

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several thousand miles from the Baltic. They found the fishing base agreement negotiated surreptitiously by the left-leaning Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike null and void, thanks to an electoral victory by pro-Western forces. But there can be no doubt that the Communists are ready, able and willing to pick off any targets of opportunity that are afforded.

Perhaps the ripest one is Mauritius, crippled by an exploding population, a one-crop economy and a vigorous Communist movement that draws nourishment from allies in London, Moscow and Havana. Great Britain is pledged to give the island its independence soon, and there are few if any observers who do not see an extremely troubled future in store, with the distinct danger that Communists, entrenched principally in the island's labor movement, will take over.

There is enough violence and subversion in the Indian Ocean area today, fueled by enemies whom we attempt to "contain," to justify a pessimistic forecast. There will be no Concord Squadron in 1965 because of commitments in Vietnam; violence in Aden increases week by week, and the withdrawal of British forces is only a matter of time; a key base in the Maldive Islands cannot be used because of anti-Western feeling; Russian and Chinese influence all along the East African coast grows day by day through military, commercial and "cultural" agreements; as soon as her Malaysian "confrontation" permits, Indonesia will turn her attention more firmly towards her western flank.

The Indian Ocean is immensely important not only for what it is—our means of communication and trade with Australia and New Zealand, and repository of a significant percentage of the free world's oil reserves—but for what it could be: a base for projecting our influence into all the new nations of East Africa and maintaining a Western presence on the Indian subcontinent.

Will it thereafter be seen that, as a tide already begun to ebb sometimes sends a small wave back above the highwater mark, the cruise of the *Bonhomme Richard* in 1964 marked the limits of our attempt to establish peace and security in a most crucial area of the world?

THERE'S A CITY

There's a city in a nation
Far across the ocean blue;
Things are getting pretty lively
For there's always someone Nhu.

Chorus:
Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Vietnam
You may soon be gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Vietnam.

One dark evening in November
Diem shot himself quite dead;
It's the strangest case on record,
Twenty bullets in his head.

Sihanouk, he was so worried,
That he started getting thin;
Watched the war beyond his border,
Tried to figure who would win.

Oh the Buddhists may give up soon
And the suicides may pass;
There's a rumor in the city
That they're running out of gas.

Or at least they may get peaceful,
Leave the rioting to punks;
For if things go on much longer
They'll be running out of monks.

If for treason or rebellion
Any talents generals show,
They will get what they deserve for
They will have to run the show.

And the nation learns from our land
In its oriental way,
For the newest rage in Saigon
Is Premier—for a day.

Now the VC's armed by China
And should never suffer lack,
But unless my eyes deceive me
That's a Garand on his back.

We are bombing them at midnight
We are bombing them at noon;
I'm afraid if we aren't careful
We may kill somebody soon.

We are bombing in the daytime
We are bombing in the dark;
If you close your eyes and listen
It's as bad as Central Park.

Chorus:
Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Vietnam.
You may soon be gone forever,
Dreadful sorry Vietnam.

DAVID FRIEDMAN

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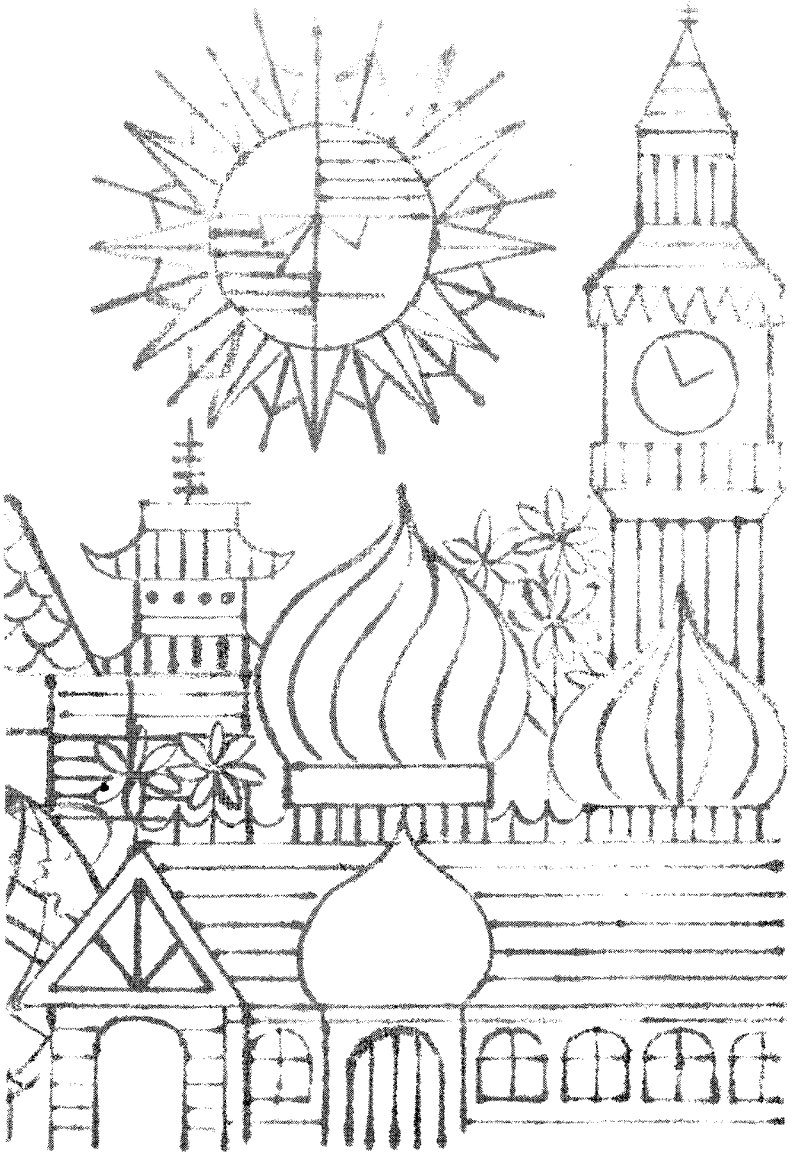

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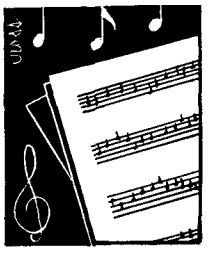

Songs for the Emerging Nations

W. H. VON DREELE

Burundi

(to "Chinatown, My Chinatown")

Stanleyville, my Stanleyville,
  When the lights are low
Gee, we get the biggest thrill
  Watching the tableaux.
After we made Mao boss
  Some gourmets felt ill:
We use sweet and sour sauce
  In dreamy Stanleyville.

Tshombe's Torch Song

(to "All Alone by the Telephone")

All alone, in the Torrid Zone;
  I'm so all alone and blue.
Nobody-y-y, wants to welcome me
  Since they found I am for Uncle Sam . . .
I'm all alone, feeling woozy
  Waiting for LBJ
Wond'ring where he is, and how he is,
  And if he is, going my, way.

Kenya

(to "Bye-Bye, Blackbird")

Pack up all your memories,
(We prefer the Red Chinese);
  Bye-bye, Limeys.
Say so long and on your way!
(Make believe it's Mandalay);
  Bye, bye, Limeys.
No more Saturdays in Nairobi!
(No more Colonel Blimps to status quo me!)
Say bye-bye to Mau Mau—
They'll be running Kenya now.
  Limeys, bye-bye.

Tanganyika

(to "God Save the Queen")

When Britain's men withdrew,
We Tanganyikans blew
  Our bloody stack.
But when our troops said they'll
Put our PM in jail,
Our go-vern-ment turned pale
  And called them back.

Kwame Nkrumah's Own Song

(to "I'm an Old Cowhand")

I'm the big I Am, and I love to cram
All the air I can in my diaphragm.
  In the bush, I'm billed as the big bow-wow;
  In the city streets, I'm a sacred cow;
  (It's a cinch to walk on the water, now)
Yippee-ay-O, ki-yea.

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Principles and Heresies

Is Social Security a Sacred Cow?

FRANK S. MEYER

SINCE THAT torn-up social security card came fluttering down the television screens with such terrific electoral impact, there has been a tacit agreement among conservatives that the social security system is a cow too sacred to approach without due reverence. But, as the payroll tax which supports it edges toward 10 per cent (with no firm limit in sight), a serious question is posed. Can an effective critique of the welfare state be sustained if the social security system is to be forever immune from attack? It is a central pillar of the entire structure, a pillar now being strengthened by the addition of the first phase of socialized medicine.

Meyer

If the principle of governmental action in these fields of insurance is allowed to go unchallenged, then there will remain no *principled basis* for challenging the usurpation by government bureaucrats of any field of private endeavor. The essential issue is not this program or that, but whether the over-all massive weight of government action and the concomitant growth of government power are compatible with the continued existence of a free society.

We sometimes forget that the present situation, in which government at all levels—federal, state, and local—takes from the citizen more than one-third of every dollar of his income, to be spent by a vast bureaucracy, is not the condition under which our institutions of freedom were formed and grew to maturity. Throughout our history, and as short a time ago as the childhood of men now in their forties, a few pennies were the total government take from the citizen's dollar, and the power of government was commensurately small.

It is true that a proportion of the increase is due to the needs of defense against the Communist enemy; but this accounts for only one-third or so of total governmental activity. Far the largest proportion of the fantastic increase of governmental control over the product of the American citizenry represents steady intrusion of governmental power into a province always previously regarded in the American constitutional system as one from which government was excluded and in which the energies of individual citizens and associations of citizens were to be free to express themselves without political control.

NOR SHOULD we, looking about us and priding ourselves upon our comparative freedom in a world increasingly totalist, be complacent about the large degree of freedom remaining to us despite the growth of potential power in the hands of government. Thirty years is a short time historically. It takes a while for the potentialities of power to break down habits of freedom, constitutional safeguards of freedom, the inbuilt inertia of 150 years of free society. The men who lived during the transition from the Roman Republic to the Empire saw, many of them, dangers to the commonwealth in much that was happening; but no one signalized the moment at which the Republic died. Men living under Augustus still saw the traditional forms of the Republic operating around them, although the Republic and all it stood for was dead.

We have not reached that point of no return, but the tremendous power now available to government is beginning to be used in alarming ways. I am not referring to the burgeoning increase of that power through legislation that carelessly grasps a billion more here, a few billion there, to push the Federal Government into education, medicine, urban construction, the life of the region dubbed "Appalachia"—though this is bad enough.

What is more disturbing is the exercise of power and the threat of power by the Executive and the Court without the shadow of constitutional or legislative sanction. A shameful ransom is paid to Castro, and the drug manufacturers are compelled to participate by Executive blackmail; the constitutional structure of the electoral process is transformed to meet equalitarian prejudices, in direct defiance of constitutional provision; the wages and prices of the steel industry are arbitrarily fixed without concern for the market by the mere threat of unnamed governmental action.

ALL OF THIS would be impossible, were the over-all power of government reduced to its legitimate sphere; but this will never take place until the principles of the restriction of government are re-established. So long as any area of illegitimate government action is considered beyond the discussion, the principles themselves cannot be clarified. Whatever prudence may dictate on the advisability of not precipitantly transforming a situation so established in our lives as the social security system, the principle that insurance for retirement and illness is not a proper function of government remains valid.

This would be true even if substantial benefits enured to the participants. But, as *Barron's*, of April 26, points out in an excellent article on the system, for the great mass of the working population, it is, like so many other government programs, a con game. A worker entering the system at eighteen will, under the new Social Security Bill, contribute and have contributed for him money which, with interest, will by retirement have reached $84,300. He will receive after retirement, if he lives to 79, $25,802. Or, seen another way he could for the same money purchase from a private company a monthly annuity of $634, while he will receive under social security a maximum monthly amount of $312. Under the present law, the figures are: $61,596 against $24,114; or $463 against $254.

Fundamental criticism of the social security system is not only an imperative of principle for the renewal of a free society. It is also politically practicable, in view of the fraudulent nature of the entire enterprise.

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The Protestant Deformation

Secularized Protestantism is celebrating its own funeral by rejecting its doctrinal heritage, says the author, himself a Protestant clergyman

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

Before the Great Ecumenical Movement, Protestant historians used to speak of the first few Christian centuries as the age of the formation of the Church. The Middle Ages then became the age of the deformation of the Church, to which a necessary remedy was prescribed: the Protestant Reformation. But if Luther and Calvin considered (not without cause, as the Roman Catholic Counter-Reformation showed) the Christianity of the medieval church deformed, it is questionable whether they would consider the religion of their "Protestant" successors in the mid-twentieth century Christianity at all.

According to Protestant thought, the medieval church became deformed in the popular sense of the word when it no longer conformed to its essential principle of fidelity to a divinely revealed Word of God. But modern Protestantism is becoming deformed in the philosophical sense (losing its form [*forma*], its internal structural principle which gives it its distinctive character) because it is not merely out of conformity with the principle of fidelity to a divinely revealed Word of God, but it has surrendered it entirely, even rejected it on principle.*

Reacting to the Reformers' principle of *sola Scriptura,* the Roman Catholic Council of Trent defined the parallel authority of sacred tradition alongside Holy Scripture. For centuries the Protestant battle-cry against Roman Catholicism has been the charge that it elevates human teaching and traditions to the same level as divine revelation. The most devoted Catholic will admit that this charge has from time to time not been without some basis in fact, although he will seldom concede that the basis was sufficient to justify the Reformation. Whatever dangers there are in overemphasizing the value of tradition to the Christian church, the high regard for tradition within Roman Catholicism does mean that Roman Catholicism can continue to exist and function after a fashion even in the face of widespread ignorance of or disregard for the Scripture, because many of the basic teachings of the faith are also transmitted through the living tradition. Roman Catholicism without the Bible would be terribly impoverished, but to a certain extent it could survive without it, at least for a time. Since the sole authority of the Bible as the Word of God is Protestantism's basic formal principle, without Scripture Protestantism collapses like a punctured dirigible. Lacking a unified tradition, Protestantism without biblical authority is completely shapeless and purposeless, and inevitably takes its direction not from the teachings of the fathers (as Catholicism could still do in a similar extremity) but from the temper of the times.

Protestantism Departs Principle

Thus contemporary Protestantism is rapidly becoming characterized by two things: 1) the loss of its formal principle, which has for the past four hundred years given it its character and vitality, and 2) the substitution for this divine authority of whatever human authority is at the moment in fashion, without even the mediation of a generally accepted Christian tradition. Imagine a Protestant service in which the minister could, with a straight face, read from the pulpit Proverbs chapter 48 and the Hundred and Sixty-Ninth Psalm. He was reading from a notebook of favorite passages left him by a prominent member: apparently neither he nor the congregation noticed that the passages in question did not come from the Bible any more than the chapters cited actually exist in the books named. This service did not take place in some illiterate mountain village, but in Cambridge, Massachusetts. I have heard the following from the pulpit: "Our morning lesson is taken from C. P. Snow's *The Two Cultures.*" One hopes that these examples are not representative, but they are certainly not isolated. Clearly if Protestants do not know and read the Bible they cannot be guided and shaped by it. If not the Scripture, then what will give Protestantism its inner form?

Some theologians, such as Paul J. Tillich, have sought to substitute for the authority of biblical revelation the principle of non-conformity or of "protest" as the characteristic principle of Protestantism. This is based on the plausible but mistaken interpretation of the "protest" in Protestant: the first "Protestants," at the Protestation of Speyer in 1529, confessed and affirmed (*protestare,* to testify for) their loyalty and obedience to the Holy Scriptures. To substitute protesting in the modern sense of the word for this is to replace a positive principle with a negative and reactionary one. This is precisely what has happened, and modern Protestantism is becoming reactionary in the extreme: its only function consists in reacting negatively to its own biblical and doctrinal heritage in the theological sphere, and affirmatively to the currents of the time in the ethical sphere. It should also be noted in passing that the negative, reactionary principle of protest is a very poor basis for the continuing life of any church: it produces emergency and Ad Hoc committees overnight, but it cannot sustain the life of a commu-

*Very characteristically Bishop Robinson of Woolwich condemns traditional Christian ideas of right and wrong because they are derived "at second hand" from God (*Honest to God,* London, 1963, p. 106). That a Christian, and particularly a Protestant, could think that an idea was *inferior* because it was derived "second hand" from God shows how the concept of revelation has been rejected, and with it the very basic principle of Protestant Christianity, and in fact of all Christianity.

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nity of faith through decades, much less through centuries.

Historic Protestantism and historic Roman Catholicism quarreled over what was to each an essential principle: the basis of authority. Protestantism placed it in obedience to the biblical revelation alone (*sola Scriptura*); Roman Catholicism urged the twin sources of Scripture and tradition.** Both agreed that there is a positive divine revelation, which must necessarily be obeyed despite what the world at large might say and do about it. This principle of obedience to God in opposition to the general opinion of mankind was behind the Roman government's charge that the early Christians were guilty of *odium humani generis*—hatred for the human race. Unfortunate as the Protestant-Catholic polemics of the sixteenth century were, they had this redeeming feature: they indicated the depth and fervor of the contenders' convictions. The ecumenical movement in the twentieth century is only in part due to an increase in mutual charity; in part it is also due to the feeling that there is no religious conviction important enough to quarrel over.

To the extent that it results from growing indifference, as distinguished from tolerance, the ecumenical movement is just as much a product of the modern secular mentality as the peace movement. The original pacifists were pacifists in obedience to what they took to be the will of God: for example, ordinary Christians in the second century, Anabaptists in the sixteenth. That they were not lacking in bravery was shown by their willingness to endure martyrdom at the hands of the government for their unwillingness to violate God's will as they understood it by taking up arms against the foreign aggressors. There is also a genuine humanist pacifism of the Schweitzer reverence-for-life school. But much of the modern ban-the-bomb variety of pacifism is not based on the principle that God forbids war, or that war is fundamentally destructive of human values, but rather on the negative conviction that there is no principle worth fighting or dying for.

**This position, defined at the Council of Trent (1546-1563), seems to be being modified now. The question an orthodox Protestant must ask is: is the modification in the direction of elevating the authority of Scripture, or rather in the direction of denigrating the principle of divine authority ("Second hand"?) *per se*?

'I Am the Truth'

Tolerance has always been a difficult virtue for adherents of the religions of the Book (Judaism, Christianity, Islam), while it has proved natural and easy for Hindus and Buddhists. It is difficult for a very good reason: all the religions of a specific divine revelation are based on a zeal for truth ("Thy Word *is* truth"). This very difficulty makes it a virtue. For Calvin and Cardinal Sadolet to accept each other as in some sense Christian brothers, with each believing as passionately as he did in the truth of his own conviction, meant much more than it does today when a latitudinarian Protestant sits down with a Liberal Catholic. All too much Christian tolerance today is not based on the biblical principle of love, but upon the anti-biblical principle of indifference to questions of truth, and upon the feeling that right must always be found in compromise. Luther's "Here I stand!" is as out of date among Protestants as Leo X's "Anathema sit!" is among Roman Catholics, and to the extent that both have let them go out of date, they are in danger of disloyalty to the professed Lord, who claimed, "I am the truth." (*John* 14:6)

Thirty or forty years ago the struggle for the principle of biblical authority within Protestantism split Presbyterianism, America's most scholarly denomination, and others as well. Today unification of denominations is the cry, but it does not mean that differences have been resolved, but rather that they have been declared to be irrelevant. Here the churches are lining up with the worldly mentality of Pilate's time ("What is truth?" *John* 18:38), which

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is also the mentality of our own day, symbolized by Britain's greatest living philosopher affirming, "Better Red than dead." As an orthodox Protestant I can respect and love the Roman Catholic who opposes me much more than the Catholic Liberal whose attitude seems to be, "Really, now, we all believe in some sort of something, don't we?" But the "Catholic revolution" is still in progress; within Protestantism, the debacle is almost complete.

The success of the Protestant Deformation is shown by the fact that theological works in many quarters no longer dispute the principle of biblical authority. They either ridicule it as "second-hand," as John Robinson does, or ignore it, as Paul Tillich does. The latter's *Systematic Theology* makes virtually no use of the Bible as a source of religious knowledge; new books on Christian ethics quote from each other and from secular psychologists, but only rarely from Christ or the apostles. Protestant ignorance of the content and message of the Bible is becoming worse than that medieval ignorance which provoked Luther to his outbursts and Calvin to his *Institutes*. Even the most obscurantist and ignorant medieval cleric would have agreed that one at least *ought* to know the Scriptures; for today's Protestantism, they are irrelevant. The medieval church at least had tradition, even if Luther's charges about its ignorance of the Bible are to be credited; modern Protestantism has no tradition, and thus without Scripture is cast entirely upon the values and goals of the surrounding world.

Ethics Secularized

An almost total secularization of ethics is the other side of the deformation which results from the loss of the principle of authority. In consequence, Protestant ethics, like Protestant theology are coming to reflect nothing more than the mentality of the times. As late as the end of the First World War, American Protestantism was vigorous enough to throw itself into what it considered a religious crusade for prohibition *against* the temper of the secular world. Today's Protestantism has two major moral emphases: latitudinarian sexual ethics, and militant endeavor for civil rights. In contrast to the prohibition movement, neither of these results from a religious impulse. Apologists for sexual laxity in Christian moral teaching, like Joseph Fletcher of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and John Robinson and Douglas Rhymes of the Diocese of Southwark in England, make it quite plain that their principal reason for wanting to revise Christian standards is that nobody likes them today. One might well ask whether anyone liked them in the Rome of St. Paul's time—but of course Paul's principle was not popularity with men, but fidelity to the will of God. If Jesus Christ had spared himself conflict with the mentality of His time, He could have spared himself the crucifixion.

Increasing Protestant interest in elections and legislation would look better if it could really be ascribed to religious motives. The present Protestant espousal of the civil rights movement, including many of its more dubious aspects, is no longer revolutionary, as abolitionism was before the Civil War. If American Protestants had espoused civil rights in the thirties, they might have claimed a religious motivation. But the flocking of clergy to the integrationists' banners today is nothing more than their participation, boosted by a few religious slogans, in a movement dictated by the mood of secular society. It is no more daring for a Massachusetts Baptist to espouse civil rights than it is for an Alabama Baptist to defend segregation; both positions could be of purely secular origin. It is significant that Protestant preachers proclaiming integration from their pulpits seldom do so on the basis of the teachings of Jesus Christ (although it is both possible and logical to do so), but prefer Gandhi or Myrdal as an authority. Thus a movement with Christian implications which could find support and guidance in Christian teaching is often in fact shown to be inspired and directed by the *Zeitgeist* rather than by the Holy Spirit.

The most apt commentary on the whole development can be given in the words of a recent meeting of campus chaplains at Harvard. The United Ministry at Harvard, having determined to publish an advertisement espousing the cause of civil rights, proposed as the keynote a quotation from James Baldwin's book, *The Fire Next Time*. Because Baldwin said, "Absolutely everything is in our hands," the Catholic priest objected, "Doesn't that leave God out?" This Protestant pointed out that Baldwin is outspokenly against Christian civilization, the Christian religion, and even the God of the Christians, and suggested that as clergy we would do much better to take our keynote from a biblical prophet of social justice like Amos. The Presbyterian chairman of the group answered the Catholic objection, "You're talking to Harvard and Radcliffe students. If you want them to listen you can't talk about God." To me he said, "Amos is dead. James Baldwin is alive." Motion carried, ad printed.

Moribund Protestantism?

If Amos, and with him the other biblical writers, is dead in the minds of Protestant clergy, he will not lie alone for long: the whole Protestant church, deprived of its formative principle, will follow him into the grave. And this it is rapidly doing. Secularized Protestantism is celebrating its own funeral; Tillich and Robinson are declaiming the funeral orations, and the civil rights clerics performing the funeral dances. This is inevitable and probably desirable once the principle of authority has been lost. A secular church will not long survive. Yet even in the age of the Protestant deformation, as in the earlier medieval deformation, a spark is still preserved. Here and there, in small denominations, in individual churches, in small groups, the old principle of obedience to a divine revelation persists; where it does, there is still a church, and still a Lord. As Charles Malik stated, if the Christian faith has anything to it, the church will survive, to greet her Lord at His second coming, but many who thought that they were within her, while espousing the principles of the secular mind, will discover to their sorrow the truth of His words, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father." (*Matthew* 7:21)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Poverty of Condition and Poverty of Mind

Why are so many of the American poor unemployable in a time of great economic expansion, when there exists an urgent need for more hands and minds in many occupations? Vague talk about "automation" does not go to the heart of the matter. Although of course the old-fangled manual laborer often has been displaced by machines, still the service industries, many new forms of production, and all sorts of occupations and trades—from skilled furniture craftsmanship to the federal civil service hospitals—seek in vain for additional competent employees. Nevertheless, several million able-bodied people remain without regular work.

Kirk

A principal cause of this paradox is the fact that we still have millions of citizens who are virtually illiterate. For modern occupations literacy is essential. Perhaps the most effective tactic in the "war on poverty" would be simply to teach people—and especially the rising generation—to read and write adequately. Abandon the "look-see" folly that has afflicted American pedagogy for a generation, return to the tested method of phonics, and great numbers of "functional illiterates" would become, in short order, employable and much more adequate citizens.

"Progressive" educationists, for decades, clearly have failed to impart the skills of reading and writing to the young folk that most need help. This hard truth is illustrated by recent findings in Detroit, summarized in the April *Bulletin* of the Council for Basic Education (725 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.). An anti-poverty undertaking, the Mayor's Special Youth Employment Project, endeavoring to render employable some 2,200 drop-outs and the like, discovered that though 84 per cent of these young people were high-school graduates, many could not read second-grade materials or solve seventh-grade arithmetical problems.

Hierarchs of the educationist empire usually respond to this challenge by demanding yet more "massive financial aid" to public schools. But our genuine necessity is a qualitative reform, inexpensively attainable by the adoption of better basic manuals and the restoration of "phonics" as the sound method of achieving literacy. A forthright, readable, succinct new book on this general subject has just been published: *Reading without Dick and Jane* (Henry Regnery, $4.50). Its author is Dr. Arther Trace, who wrote *What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't.*

More Illiterates Coming Up

As Professor Trace points out, during the boom of 1964, national unemployment stood at 5.3 per cent, and 16 per cent of teen-agers were without work. Yet the demand for tolerably educated people steadily and urgently increases. "Yet it is certain," he tells us, "that at the present rate we are going to have more illiterates and more ignorant, more unskilled, and untrained people entering the labor market in the next decade than ever before, and with fewer opportunities for these people than ever before."

The biggest cause of "technological" unemployment, Dr. Trace shows, is simply the ignorance of many people otherwise capable of working. Inability to read and write is correctible, at least where the young are concerned. We must really restore "phonics" in our schools, not simply make gestures in that direction; and we must replace the horribly boring and ineffectual "Dick and Jane" sort of basal reader by primers and primary-school textbooks that stimulate the imagination and contain a fund of information. (Probably *95 per cent* of our nation's children still are cursed by "Dick and Jane" inanity; better readers, including the Open Court series edited by Dr. Trace, are only beginning to win adoption.)

"There are no Dick-and-Jane type parents," Mr. Trace concludes, "even though there may be many Dick-and-Jane type reading experts, some school administrators, and, alas, even some teachers. . . . And certainly we do not have Dick-and-Jane type students. A normal healthy second-grader delights in making fun of the stories in these readers. No student is so incompetent but that he deserves the opportunity to learn to read from readers that are vastly better than the ones he has now. The vocabulary control and the look-and-guess method in them are not the fault of the parents or of the students. . . . They are correctible. The four million elementary school students which the National Council of Teachers of English estimates to be poor readers are poor readers not primarily because they are mentally or physically or emotionally defective or because they are Negroes or because their parents are ignorant and indigent; they are poor readers primarily because the textbooks and the methods of teaching reading are poor."

In the "grey area" schools and the colored schools, commonly instruction in reading and writing is least vigorous, partially because the tenured mediocrities who often direct such schools assume (without quite putting the matter bluntly) that most Negro children and other young folk from poor families are congenital illiterates. Yet it is precisely in such neighborhoods that the rate of unemployment rises most dismayingly; it is the graduates of such Detroit schools who cannot read even a Dick-and-Jane primer, though they are endowed with diplomas.

The American poor, generally speaking, do not need more generous handouts, nor even occupational retraining. They need to learn to read and write, quite as much as they need to send down roots in their broken urban neighborhoods. How much longer will the dull doctrinaires of the National Education Association and its affiliates endeavor to block such efficacious and simple reform?

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Confusion, Not Conspiracy

HENRY HAZLITT

In September 1960, a thick pamphlet of 114 pages appeared with the title *Keynes at Harvard*. It was published by the Veritas Foundation of New York, which described its purpose as: "To educate the officials, teaching staffs, governing bodies, undergraduates and graduates of American colleges and universities, upon the subject of Communism, the international Communist conspiracy and its methods of infiltration into the United States." Presented as a "staff study," no author was listed as such; but the name of Zygmund Dobbs appeared on the title page as "research director."

The thesis of the pamphlet was that "Keynesian economics" was not economics but a "weapon of political conspiracy"; that "Keynes himself was a Fabian socialist," and so were most of his followers; that the Keynesians "infiltrated" the Economics Department at Harvard and "planted" other Keynesians in other colleges; that the difference between the Fabians at one end and the Communists at the other "is merely a difference in methods. The Fabians believe in 'easing' into absolute power by deceit. The Communists and Fascists believe in attaining power by violence. The ends are the same since absolute power can only be maintained by violent repression."

Keynesians and Fabian socialists, and Fabian socialists and Communists, were all united, the study held, by a common hatred of free-enterprise capitalism. Therefore the Keynesians and Fabians, and all who criticized laissez-faire capitalism, were either dupes of the Communists or knowingly associated with them as part of a vast conspiracy.

The study did not spend much time on economic or political analysis, or on the exact nature of the errors in Keynesian or socialist reasoning. Instead it attacked the *people* who held Keynesian or socialist views, and questioned their integrity and motives: "Fabian socialism uses Keynesism as a political weapon. The Kremlin followers use the Fabian organization as a cover for their operations. Keynesism is used to snare the unwary and bring them by degrees into a socialistic turn of mind. The Communists then work hard to propel such socialistic converts further along the road to Soviet socialism." And later the study declared, referring to Keynes: "We will deal instead with his motives and intentions rather than the vapory justification of his creed."

In the attempt to justify this approach, the study still further quoted Joseph A. Schumpeter as writing, in his *History of Economic Analysis*: "Remember: occasionally, it may be an interesting question to ask why a man says what he says." It may, indeed. But when we look up the whole passage in Schumpeter from which this sentence is torn we find that Schumpeter's true argument was the exact opposite:

"The scientific character of a given piece of analysis is independent of the motive for the sake of which it is undertaken. . . . This implies that any arguments of a scientific character produced by 'special pleaders'—whether they are paid or not for producing them—are for us just as good

or bad as those of 'detached philosophers,' if the latter species does indeed exist. Remember: occasionally, it may be an interesting question to ask *why* a man says what he says; but whatever the answer, it does not tell us anything about whether what he says is true or false. We take no stock in the cheap device of political warfare—unfortunately too common also among economists—of arguing about a proposition by attacking or extolling the motives of the man who sponsors it or the interest for or against which the proposition seems to tell."

If the author of *Keynes at Harvard* had kept this principle steadily in mind, the pamphlet as it stands would never have been written.

The pamphlet adopted the principle of guilt by association. Thus we were told on page 96: "In later years Schumpeter taught at the London School of Economics, which was founded by Fabian socialists and generally reflected the Fabian view. He had a relationship of many years with Alfred Marshall (Fabian socialist economist), having first met Marshall in England in 1906. Schumpeter wrote consistently as a neo-Marxist socialist for 45 years. We believe this sketch suffices to prove Schumpeter's socialism."

Now aside from the fact that it is absurd to call either Schumpeter or Marshall a socialist (unless the term is to be stretched out of all useful meaning), such passages as the above (and there were many) are clear examples of guilt by association. By the same logic one could go on to prove that Lionel Robbins and F. A. Hayek are also socialists because both also taught at the London School of Economics.

Now, four years later, appears another "staff study" published by the Veritas Foundation, *The Great Deceit: Social Pseudo-Sciences*. This time it is a full-length book, in both hard-cover and paperback ($5 and $3.75), running to 354 pages. There is an introduction and epilogue by Archibald B. Roosevelt. The "research director" is again Zygmund Dobbs.

In *The Great Deceit* we encounter

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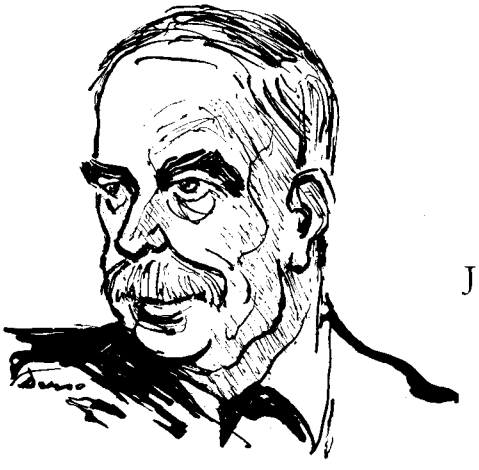
the same conspiracy theory as in *Keynes at Harvard*. But now it is applied over an immensely wider field. *The Great Deceit* is encyclopedic in its range. It covers the Fabians in detail, the "social scientists," the book clubs, the newspapers, the publishers, the historians, Marx and Marxists, anti-Semitism, racism, the anthropologists, the sociologists, Hull House, progressive education, the Supreme Court, jurisprudence. Nearly a thousand names are cited. Practically everyone on the Left is treated with disrespect, his motives questioned, his doctrines caricatured. Nearly every Left-Liberal is identified, sometimes, with each mention of his name, as a "socialist" or "Communist," and most are accused of being devious and designing.



JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

I have space to cite only a handful of examples. Emerson and Hawthorne are cited as having "pioneered socialism in America." John Dewey is identified chiefly as "a socialist for over 60 years." He "belonged to numerous Communistic groups starting in 1935 and continuing throughout the rest of his life." He "was touted as an educational philosopher" and "developed the collectivistic system of education which was dubbed 'progressive education.'" He was "a key manipulator in the educational field." He "could pull the wool over the eyes of a sharp observer like Holmes." He was "a past master in the art of dissimulation." His "plan was to operate under the intellectual smokescreen of a vaporous philosophy called 'pragmatism.' This was the old Marxist materialistic theory rehashed in sugar-coated terms."

The late Roscoe Pound is identified as "a perfect front man" for socializing the law. Morris Cohen is identified as one who "with the help of the department head, Harry A. Overstreet, managed to become a professor of philosophy, specializing in 'legal-philosophy.'" When Freud gets a mention, it is to inform us that his "major avocation was to undermine all basic religious faiths." When Einstein gets a mention, it is solely as "an expediter of socialist-Communist ideas among scientific circles."

When the most influential thinkers and writers of the twentieth century get this kind of treatment, I hardly need to tell the reader how lesser figures fare. And it is all just too bad. For this book represents a truly prodigious amount of research and reading. A great deal of it is genuinely informative and enlightening. Some of it is excellent. It is full of revealing quotations from Left-Liberals, some of them devastating in what they expose. But everything is seen as an enormous socialistic plot, and every "socialist" as a conscious conspirator. The picture as a whole is simply incredible. And therefore the tendency of most sober-minded and balanced conservatives and libertarians will be to reject it as a whole, the good with the bad. They will be afraid to use anything in it until they have made an independent check, to make sure that an accusation is accurate or a quotation is correct and not torn out of context.

The penalty for even a single inaccurate statement in a book is that it may throw doubt on every other statement in it. And habitual exaggeration, caricature or distortion must of course do immensely more harm in the long run to the cause of those who indulge in them. By association with accusations that are overdrawn or untrue, accusations that are true will be ignored or rejected. When *everybody* is vaguely accused of being a conspirator or a subversive, how is the reader to know when he is dealing with a real conspirator or subversive? A book like this defeats the very purpose of its authors and sponsors. It hurts the whole conservative side. It provides an easy target that Left-Liberals will treat as typical.

THE implied logic that runs through *The Great Deceit* and *Keynes at Harvard* goes something like this. Communists have advocated such-and-such a policy; Smith advocates this policy; therefore Smith is a Communist, or a Communist "dupe," and does even more harm than the Communists precisely because he passes as a non-Communist. By such logic one does not need to study any question on its merits. One merely finds out first what the Communists think and asserts the exact reverse. This is to be subservient by contradiction.

The truth is that people most often become socialists, even in many cases Communists, not because they are wicked but because they are misinformed, superficial, or sincerely confused. One should subject their arguments to patient analysis. One must examine the merits of the arguments, and not merely the alleged motives of those who advance the arguments. One has a chance of converting socialists if one takes their good faith for granted; one has no such chance if one begins by accusing them of dishonesty, conspiracy, or deceit.

It is with great personal reluctance that I have written this. In *Keynes at Harvard* the authors made several generous references to my own book, *The Failure of the New Economics*. It is an ungrateful task to criticize them in return. But it is unfortunately a necessary one. By overzealous exaggerations and accusations they are hurting the very cause of individual liberty and competitive capitalism that they as well as I and others are trying to preserve and promote. Today conservatives are in a minority in the intellectual world. If they are to be convincing to the "intellectuals" who, for good or ill, create public opinion, their arguments must be on a far higher ethical and intellectual level than those of their opponents.

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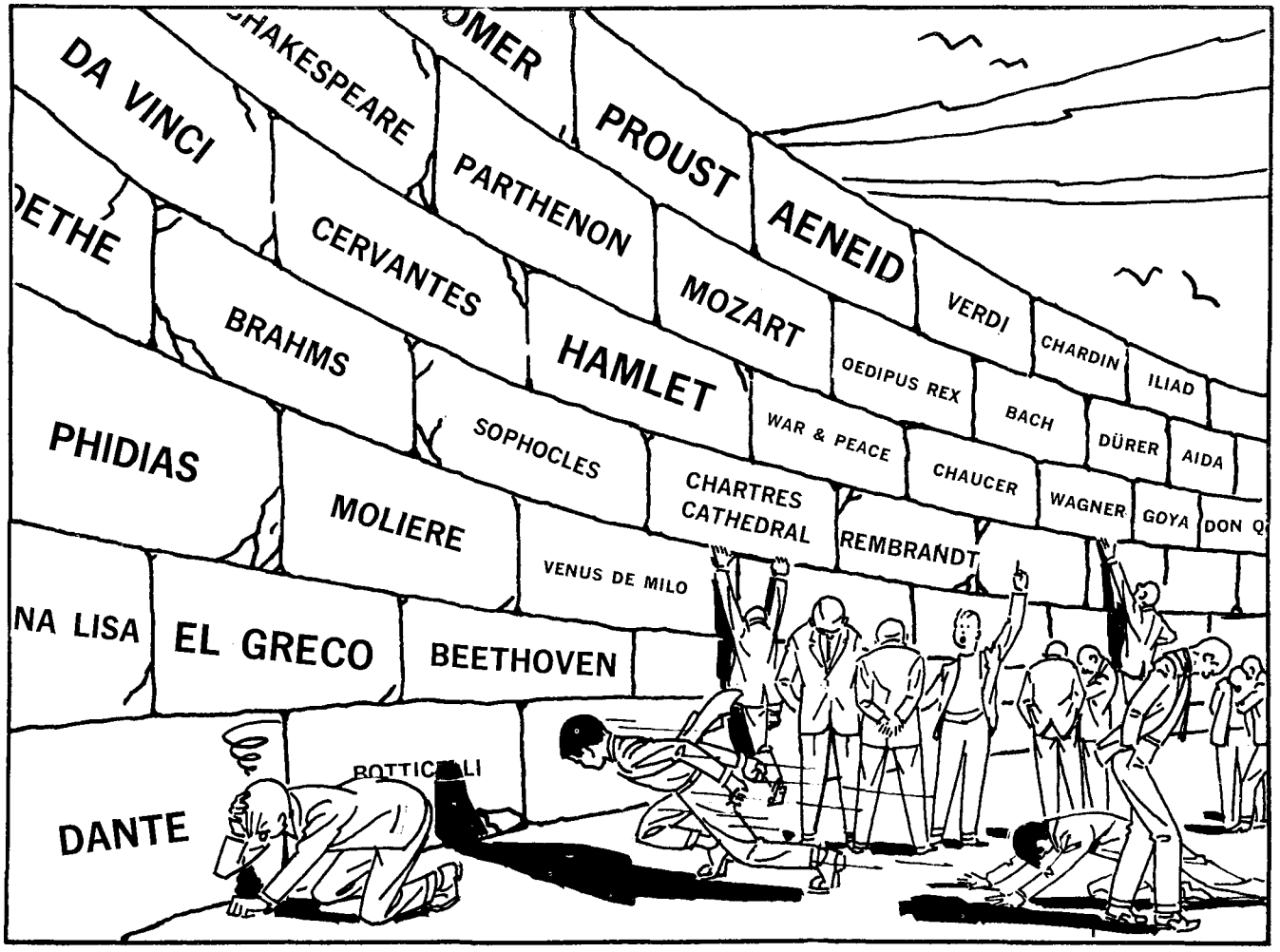

This is the Wall that Quack Built

"There's nothing beyond it," he declares coldly. "Educate yourself to a full appreciation of these 'immortal' artists and their works, and that's where you end. You'll be in an earthly paradise of perfections." Don't let Quack deceive you. Man moves ahead by satiating himself of art at higher and higher levels.

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"and the spontaneous delight that everyone feels before the Parthenon sculptures will last as long as the human race rejoices in the name of man."

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"No words that man can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer."

AUTHORITATIVE OPINIONS

"HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART lets a lot of fresh air into the subject of art criticism — does a good job of deflating some of the pompous nonsense." George B. Keester, Chairman Fine Arts Dept., West Virginia Wesleyan College.

"Shaw has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness. His chapter entitled 'The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg' is far too delicious to miss. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables." Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College, in Philosophy & Phenom. Research.

"PRECIOUS RUBBISH which I received and promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies." — John Wilcox, Prof. and Grad. Adviser, Wayne University.

"What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes, and to pretty general applause . . . It's a lulu." — Conrad Aiken.

"Expresses to a T my every thought. I think it's great."— Nicola Ziroli, Artist in Res., Univ. of Ill.

What Picasso said — "When I was young, I got into trouble by mocking my elders and breaking down everything they had done. That's the way I managed to create new roads. That's what the youngsters of today ought to be doing — not imitating, but mocking me and tearing me down. It's the only way to find success." As quoted by Leonard Lyons.

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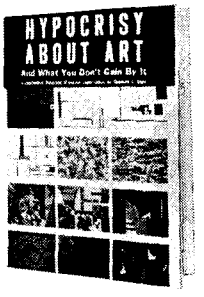

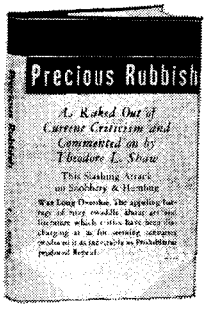

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The Next Great Name Is Smith

THEODORE STURGEON

STORY, PLACE AND TIME—*these are the essentials.*

1.

The story is simple. There was a boy who bought the planet Earth. . . .

2.

The place? That's Old North Australia. . . .

3.

Time: First century of the Rediscovery of Man.

When C'Mell lived.

About the time they polished off Shayol, like wiping an apple on a sleeve. Long deep into our own time. Fifteen thousand years after the bombs went UP AND THE BOOM CAME DOWN ON OLD, OLD EARTH.

Recent, see?

This is the core of Smith's "Theme and prologue"; the rest of the book, he says, is detail.

The new reader of any tale in the Smith mosaic will be delighted with the details, and nothing reported herein is to modify the assertion that this amazing narrative is well worth the reader's investment, as it stands, and intrinsically for what is on its pages.

But it also must be said that there is a special bonus for those who have felt the shock waves of the Cordwainer Smith stories which have been sporadically exploding in the science fiction magazines for the past few years. In the surprising narrative of Roderick Frederick Arnold William MacArthur McBan, the boy who bought Old Earth, a great deal happens—a great many *kinds* of thing happen—and the many references to other portions of Smith's great epic are not obtrusive. There's one in the Theme quoted above: ". . . the time they polished off Shayol," which is not mentioned again in the book. When in the book, during a brief episode about the Underpeople, one says to his daughter, "Do not forget D'Joan," he says it to me, too: *I* shall never forget D'Joan, whose story is told in the novelette *The Dead Lady of Clown Town;* D'Joan is that Maid of Orleans, if you like, and if you don't like that, she has to be the Messiah, and the style of that story is exalted.

When Smith mentions, off-handedly, "planoforming," it recalls the ingenious technique for interstellar travel described in *The Lady Who Sailed the Soul*, a love story the style of which was anguished. When he mentions the off-planet defenses of the world called Old North Australia (Norstrilia) one remembers the frightening concept of *Mother Hitton's Littul Kittons*, the style of which was deadly humorous. And when he mentions "the robot, the rat and the Copt" who sent from Space a message of prophecy; or Shayol; or the Prediction Machine at the Abba Dingo, one becomes pleasantly frantic: Did I miss that one? Or is it yet written? Oh, surely he'll write it!

For everything this extraordinary writer has done so far, and, apparently, will do, is part of an enormous saga: complex, self-consistent, colorful, astonishing. One is repeatedly amazed at how sure he is of his fictional cosmos, which seems reported rather than invented. One is reminded of the "silent planet" trilogy of C. S. Lewis; of Arthur Eddison; of Asimov's *Foundation* and Heinlein's future history. If literary historians of the future make of Cordwainer Smith another Tolkien, it will not be too surprising.

TWO THINGS MUST be said about Smith's work: the strange and lovely lyrics which drop into his manuscripts from time to time, and the wonderful sense of presence, factual and observant, of his characters in their otherwise unbelievable environments. For the first, listen (and we say "listen" most advisedly):

Is there anybody here or is everybody dead at the gray green blue black lake?

The sky was blue and now it is red over old tall green brown trees.

The house was big but now it looks small at the gray green blue black lake.

The Planet Buyer, by Cordwainer Smith. Pyramid, 50¢

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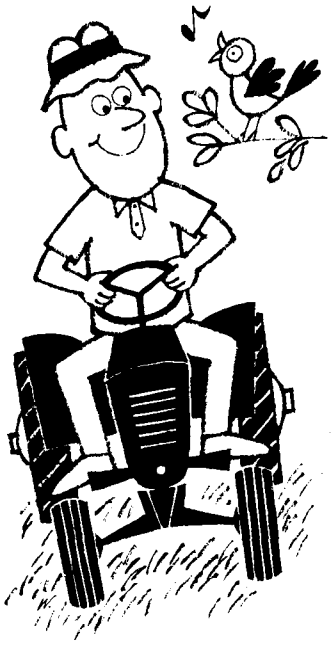

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And the girl that I knew isn't there any more at the old flat dark torn place.

And hear this:

And oh! my love, for you.
High birds crying, and a
High sky flying, and a
High wind driving, and a
High heart striving, and a
High brave place for you!

As to the sense of presence, some years ago a science fiction writer (to whom I apologize: I forget his name) mentioned in a story something which for years all the rest of us had overlooked: that you cannot light a match on a space-ship in a free-fall, or gravity-less, environment; unless you slowly wave it back and forth, it will go out immediately. Loud thumps and grunts all over the land signified the rest of us kicking ourselves for not having thought of it first.

Cordwainer Smith is always just that acutely aware of *scene*. Coming from sea-less Norstrilia, where the rivers are filmed with plastic and rain is a myth, to Old Earth, Rod McBan "realized that his feet were getting cold. Up on the deck they had had sunlight to keep them warm, even though the chill salty wet air of Earth's marvelous seas was blowing against them. Here, inside, it was merely high and cold, while still wet; he had never encountered wet cold before, and it was a strangely uncomfortable experience."

But come to Norstrilia, where the richest, proudest, toughest men in the Galaxy live in freeholds like pioneers, herd sheep, and live grimly against their self-designed elements; where a man's business is his own, as is his dignity; where each man can have up to four childhoods, if that's how long it takes him to prove himself, and must be killed if it takes any longer than that. Come and see free enterprise, and the welfare state, stretched out through parsecs and millennia for testing. And take joy in doing what the best of science fiction alone can enable you to do: observe with real detachment the unconquerable and immortal humanness of humanity.

Not New, Just Nonsense

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

In Alice's wonderland of Christian "theology," the newest fad is to defend traditional moral patterns while destroying every conceivable basis in faith and reason for observing them. Only a headlong flight from both the Bible and reason can explain a book which continues to find pre-marital sexual intercourse wrong, while stating, "Homosexual affection can be as selfless as heterosexual affection, and therefore we cannot see that it is in some way morally worse." The theologian who has abandoned the Word is not capable of sound judgment.

No New Morality: Christian Personal Values and Sexual Morality, by Douglas Rhymes. Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50

With less persuasiveness and theological sophistication than Bishop John Robinson, Rhymes, too, rejects any possibility that God cares how people behave sexually with one another, or that, caring, He might let us know what He thinks about it. Because the Bible is full of God's wishes on this subject, he finds it necessary to ignore it: in 146 pages on the Christian view of sex he quotes from the Bible six times. He excuses his neglect of the Old Testament on the ground that Christ did away with the Law (an often repeated falsehood: see Matthew 5:17). Because Christ, in the New, is even stricter, for practical purposes he must avoid Him as well.

Rhymes has lost the Christian vision of God. To say that God is not interested in the way human beings treat one another is to say either that He does not care about man or that He has no character. Neither is possible if one takes the Bible seriously; but as Rhymes does not, he has a hopelessly inadequate concept of God. His God does not care enough about man to offer guidance in the very important area of sexual morality, nor

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to hold him responsible for his conduct. For Rhymes, guidance is unnecessary and judgment unnecessary, because man, deep down inside, is basically good. "It is when we see ourselves as a whole—a whole which is to be loved for its wholeness, not divided into higher and lower—that we begin to love ourselves, to love the flesh, the mind and the spirit, because the flesh, the mind and the spirit are me, and the more I know about myself, the more I respect myself." This is the same sort of thing as Allen Ginsberg recently proclaimed at Harvard: "We're all beautiful golden sunflowers inside!" Both statements are perfect examples of man's opinion of himself when he has no conception of God—well-described by John Calvin: "As long as our views are bounded by the earth, perfectly content with our own righteousness, wisdom, and strength, we fondly flatter ourselves, and fancy we are little less than demigods."

This exaggerated opinion of man contradicts both historic faith and daily observable fact. Micah sums up the Judaeo-Christian conviction that man is fallen: "There is none upright among men: they all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net." The view that something is basically distorted in man, wrong with him, and that he needs the help of divine grace to be set right, theologians call the doctrine of human depravity. It is the only theological doctrine capable of statistical proof. To ignore it, as Rhymes does, is to ignore both faith and everyday reality.

RHYMES makes the old, old and still valid, point that all too many Christians are far less kind towards those involved in sexual sins than Jesus Christ was to the woman taken in adultery. But he fails to point out that Jesus saved her from stoning to give her a chance to change, and to lead a new life: "Go," He said, "and sin no more." Since people in Rhymes' view are basically all right, all they need is self-understanding—not repentance.

He recognizes the fact that sometimes people feel guilt or shame about their sexual behavior, and attributes this chiefly to unwholesome teaching on the part of the Church. This is old-guard Freudianism, now on the way out in psychological circles: in *The Crisis in Religion and Psychiatry,* O. H. Mowrer says that much of man's mental suffering is due not to the fact that he *feels* guilty about things which he would like to do, which his Church tells him are wrong, but that he *is* guilty about the things he actually has done, which really *are* wrong. What is needed is not merely self-acceptance, but more confession, repentance, restitution and forgiveness. All these are superfluous if man is basically good, as Rhymes thinks he is.

Thus *No New Morality* has a view of God without care or character, a

Random Notes

● MOVIES: Even though he is thought by many to be Chaplin's only peer and by others the greatest of the screen's comic actors, and has had Mack Sennett and Samuel Beckett for directors, Buster Keaton was in the teen orgy *Pajama Party* and turns up again in the current *katzenmusik Spielfilm* called *Beach Blanket Bingo,* and may yet wander into the upcoming *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini.* . . . Meanwhile, Frankie Avalon, the protagonist of *Beach Blanket Bingo,* prepares to star in Gene Corman's and Robert Kaufman's *Dr. Goldfoot and the Sex Machine,* for American International. . . . With censorship an eternal hassle these days, keeping sheriffs and courts and committees aflutter, the firm Irish proceed with a clear head. Last year they tossed 52 films out of the country and snipped offending passages from 111. . . . Halas and Batchelor, leading animated-cartoon studios in England, are making a complete version of *Ruddigore,* the Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

● LITERARY CRITICISM IN NEW YORK: Across the street from a billboard that reads, "Sherlock Holmes Makes James Bond Look Like A Sissy," referring to Alex Cohen's musical about the Eye of Baker Street, United Artists has hung out a sign: "Sherlock Who?"

● BOOKS: Charles Neider, the Mark Twain scholar, has lifted Twain's contribution to *The Gilded Age* (written with Charles Dudley Warner) from its context and published it as "in effect, a new work," *The Adventures of Colonel Sellers* (Doubleday, $4.95). . . . Ruth M. Vande has selected a group of Eudora Welty's finest stories for the Harvest Book series, *Thirteen Stories* ($1.65). . . . And in case you think things are getting out of hand utterly, take heart and read Victor Appleton II's *Tom Swift and His Polar Ray Dynasphere* (Grosset, $1.25).

● COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE: *Variety's* spy among the *bolsheviki* reports this neolithic yuk: Three Russians meet in jail. First one says, "I am here because in 1950 I said bad things about Khrushchev." Second one says, "I am here because in 1960 I said good things about Khrushchev." Third says, "I am Khrushchev."

● PRIZES: Thomas Berger's *Little Big Man* has been given the Rosenthal Award of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, a prize for books which are "a considerable literary achievement" but not "a commercial success." NATIONAL REVIEW stood alone in praising Mr. Berger's second novel, *Rinehart in Love,* and almost alone in praising *Little Big Man.*

● BULLSEYE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux report that they have, as requested, sent a review copy of David Wagoner's *The Escape Artist* to the book editor of the *San Quentin News.*

● VOCABULARY: *Publishers' Weekly,* scratch sheet of the greeting-card and best-seller emporia, is concerned to refine one more phrase out of the language. *Dust jackets,* they say, are antique brown wrappers for books in the heroic age of William McKinley. What books have about them now—those gaudy, seductive *integumenta* that women leave around an obese novel throughout a winter's reading until it looks like a battle-flag that saw every engagement of the Thirty Years War—is a *book jacket.* So watch your language.

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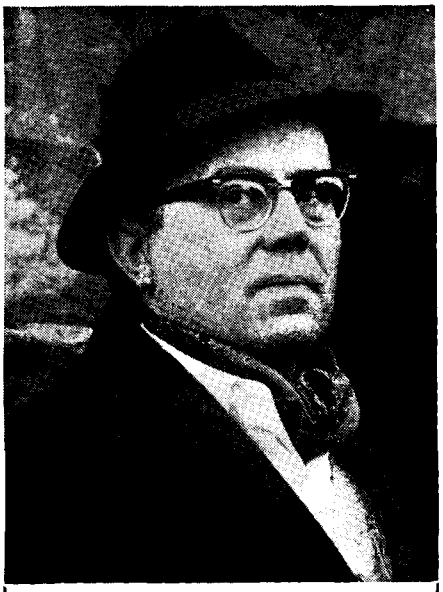

Speaking Up . . .

Dr. Russell Kirk, who is extremely popular with college audiences, is now accepting bookings for his fall schedule. The many topics with which he is conversant, both classic and contemporary, include "South Africa Today," and "The Ages of Eliot". In addition to his latest book, *Fulminations of a Nocturnal Bookman*, Dr. Kirk has authored nine major works of political theory and three romance and mystery novels.

Your university or club can also write for openings in the fall schedules of our other speakers: William A. Rusher, publisher of National Review; Frank S. Meyer, NR editor and editor of *What Is Conservatism?*; Ralph de Toledano, syndicated columnist and author of *The Winning Side*; L. Brent Bozell, attorney, author and lecturer; Dr. Anthony T. Bouscaren, writer, professor and author; Dr. Thomas Molnar, lecturer and author of *The Failure of the Counterrevolution*; Ernest van den Haag, eminent psychoanalyst and professor of social phiilosophy; Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, linguist and author; William F. Rickenbacker, senior editor of National Review.

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view of man which does justice neither to faith nor everyday experience, and practical advice which discourages premarital sex for unconvincing reasons while permitting homosexuality for false ones. It all goes to show that St. Paul was right when he wrote: "And since they did not see fit to acknowledge God, God gave them up to a base mind and to improper conduct." Of that Rhymes offers a clear demonstration.

The Passing Scene

The Men of Vimy

FRANCIS RUSSELL

In the very early hours of Easter Monday, 1917, the moon—a little past full—shone with disconcerting brightness on the scarred and pitted Western battlefields that looked themselves like a lunar landscape under the colorless two-dimensional light. At 3 A.M. the sky had clouded over and the temperature was beginning to drop. By 4 A.M. the four divisions of the Canadian Corps were in the front trenches ready for the dawn attack. The temperature kept dropping. A driving northwest wind brought sleet and snow. Ahead of the Canadians in the blank gulf of darkness lay Vimy Ridge.

The Germans had taken Vimy in October 1914 in the last advance before the Western Front settled into the bog of trench warfare. Since then they had had over two years to construct triple rows of fortifications to add to the ridge's natural strength. The approach was a quagmire. In the suave words of the military historian, "the western slope facing the Allied lines rose gradually over open ground which offered excellent fields of fire for small arms and artillery."

The Canadians, clustered in the stink of their snow-swept trenches, had survived the unimaginable slaughters of Ypres and the Somme. From the eagerly innocent young men who had volunteered in 1914 and 1915 for the Great Adventure, they had become an army of professionals, as self-reliant and tough as mercenaries. Vimy was to be the Canadian part of General Nivelle's spring offensive that would break the stalemate on the Western Front and send the Germans smashed and reeling back to the fatherland. Red-tabbed staff officers had worked out the battle tactics with the neatness that only charts and sand-tables can give. At 6 A.M. the four divisions would attack simultaneously. In 35 minutes they would gain the Black Line, the German forward defenses 750 yards from the Canadian front trenches. Twenty minutes further on lay the Red Line running along the ridge to Hill 145. Then, according to the pellucid historian, "after a pause of two and a half hours on the Red Line they would advance some 1200 yards to the Blue Line, securing the enemy's intermediate position and the village of Thélus and breaching his second-line defenses. Finally, after a further halt of 96 minutes, the same brigades would carry the advance beyond the ridge to the final objectives on the Brown Line." By 1:18 P.M. the whole eastern escarpment would be in Canadian hands.

At 5:30 A.M. the bombardment began. Two hundred and forty-five heavy guns and howitzers supported 983 guns and mortars. A hundred and fifty machine-guns cut a bullet-swept zone 400 yards ahead. Never before had there been such a concentration of machine-gun fire. After half an hour of this the whistle blew, and the infantrymen—fortified by hot breakfast and a double tot of rum—swarmed over the parapets like brown rats in the quivering early light. Stolidly they oozed their way through puddles of clammy mud, craters, torn wire and pulverized trenches, moved up the escarpment where German sharpshooters began to pick them off. There was no stopping them.

Unlike most attacks in that war, unlike Nivelle's complicated and bloody failure, the Canadian sand-table and chart plans for once worked out in practice. As the 2nd and 3rd Divisions approached the Blue Line, the clouds broke briefly and the pallid sunshine showed the whole forward slope brown with Canadians. Of

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course it wasn't as easy as it seemed in that enlightening moment. The Germans counterattacked with their usual tenacity, and it took two days before Vimy Ridge was permanently secure. The cost was 3,598 killed among 10,602 casualties. King George sent his congratulations for the great victory.

It was a great victory at a not excessive cost (if Americans had lost in proportion to their population, they would have had 70,000 men killed). For the first time Canada's four divisions had attacked together. For the historian it was "a classic example of the deliberate attack against strong prepared positions." What the Canadians had, they held. Never would they forget it. To the Canadians of that first war Vimy has become a

symbol, as anyone who has visited the soaring white monument that now tops the ridge will understand.

THE ANNUAL event of our Boston post of the Royal Canadian Legion is Vimy Night, the anniversary of the battle. Ours is not a large post, since almost all its members are from the First World War. The veterans of that earlier Canadian Expeditionary Force came home to a poor northern country and unemployment. Many of them tramped—not hitch-hiked—from city to city looking for work. Some drifted south across the border. These, my Legion comrades from World War I, came to Boston and stayed obscurely here. Although I dislike the term, they are working class. Perhaps Whitehead's "skilled artisans" would describe them better. They are factory workers of various sorts, carpenters, painters, electricians, some with small Canadian pensions, a few (regretfully) on welfare. Life has not given them a great deal, but they have accepted life soberly and responsibly. They are decent, religious, somewhat puritanical, good husbands, patriotic, impelled to our meetings by a feeling of comradeship and by a vague sense of something they would like to recapture—and this being their youth, they cannot. After the meetings they like to go round the corner for a drink or two at the Irish Whip.

The World War I comrades are fading fast now. A few years back there were half a dozen small Canadian Legion posts near Boston—in Somerville, in Cambridge, in Roxbury. Now there is just the Boston one. Two years ago our comrade who wore sergeant's stripes, the Queen's South African Medal, and the red hackle of the Black Watch, died —our last from the Boer War. But there are still half a dozen survivors who plodded through the driving snow towards the crest of Vimy Ridge on that Easter morning forty-eight years ago.

LEFT TO myself I would make Vimy Night a somewhat solemn occasion. But the comrades see no reason why there should not be a social night with fun for all, as well as an anniversary. So there is a three-piece orchestra, there is dancing and even a few sets of square dancing for the more bucolic from Nova Scotia, there is a bar, and with luck one might win an elegant floor lamp in a raffle. Since in our civilization the women outlive the men, the ladies' auxiliary has a lot of widows and is twice the size of the post. Our lady comrades are two to our one, and those of them who want to dance often have to dance with each other.

Our hall has a musty-fusty lodge smell, natural enough since it is used by the Knights of Columbus, the Masons, the Buffaloes and some Orange lodge or other. On Vimy Night we have displayed on the stage an engraving showing the ridge and the monument at the top and ghostly infantrymen (one can see right through their spectral white outlines) advancing up the slope. Roy Weatherby, the chaplain, always provides the wreath, and he is proud of the fact that the flowers are real.

At nine o'clock the guard of honor is mustered to present the survivors of Vimy to the post commander. The men slope arms, doing their best to muster up the parade-ground pre-

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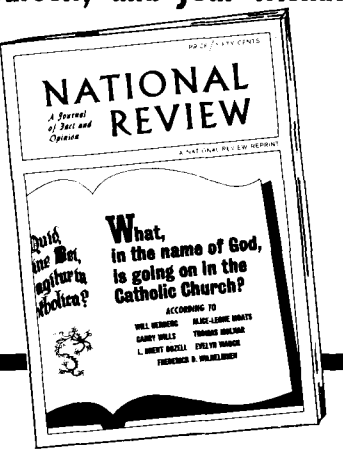

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cision of the past, as they march behind the Stars and Stripes and the now-obsolete red Union Jack ensign. It is always that moment that I wait for, encompassing enough to put everything else in perspective—the kiltie girls, the cube-like shape of the ladies' auxiliary chaplain in her chartreuse evening dress. A bagpipe drones out *Hielan' Laddie,* and the half dozen bent and sallow men—the survivors of the battle—march across the hall in the arm-swinging cadence of the British Army. Then they pause before the ghostly picture, and the commander puts *Last Post* on the record player, and we stand there with bent heads in memory of those young men who in the unthinking brightness of their youth and in the snow fought their way to the crest of Vimy Ridge on that long ago Easter Monday. The old men before me are both the same and not the same young men, and my eyes are full of tears as I wonder if in another year I shall ever see them again—those men of Vimy.

Alas, progress takes its toll. Last year our commander decided that there was too much talk about the men of Vimy, that our Vimy Night had better up-date itself and start commemorating the men of Dieppe, and Normandy, and the Hochwald, and (he added) Korea. There were still four men of Vimy at our night this year, but no parade before the ghostly picture, no searing glimpse of them at *Last Post*—that is to *Taps* as Beethoven is to Sousa. So I myself have heard *Last Post* and seen the last of the men of Vimy, and to help myself remember I have written this.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BACK TO CHINA, by Leslie A. Fiedler (Stein and Day, $4.95). Leslie Fiedler, Montanan professor and gamesome critic of American literary perversities, descends noisily in his second novel upon a number of familiar fictional communities, spraying DDT on everyone in sight: Radcliffe girls, beatniks and bureaucrats, American Indian hipsters, the editors of popular magazines, hypersensitive Jews, and anti-Semites. Mostly he seems to be annoyed by the shape certain novelists of the academic world and the Jewish sensibility are giving current fiction, and he puts a plague upon both their houses by recording a Bloomsday in the sad and sloppy life of Baro Finklestone, professor of philosophy in a university in the "ultimate West" (*i.e.*, Montana). Finklestone is the graduate student's dream, Ulysses as Outsider, Sterile Man, a searcher for both a father and a son, madly guilty about Hiroshima, Horatio Alger doing a stylized pratfall in slow motion. This clown selects as his putative father one Hiroshige, a civilized chap he met in China in 1945, a paradigm of Oriental calm who turns out to be a Japanese war criminal. And as his son, a grubby fugitive from an Indian reservation, addicted to peyote and the Allen Ginsberg *Weltanschauung,* who commits suicide partly because Finklestone is sleeping with his wife. On the day on which Fiedler observes him, Baro tries to come to terms with the inanity of his choices, and ends by returning to his own wife, who announces that she is going to have a baby of which he cannot possibly be the father (parthenogenesis? he wonders). The author busies himself so diligently answering his own criticism of other novelists point by point that the success of his hard-worked parody will depend on his reader's knowledge of, and snappish contempt for, the kind of literature which his novel inverts and mocks. Fiedler, at any rate, appears quite certain that most of us are waiting for the end on his very own corner. R. BEMIS

UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE, by Bel Kaufman (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). It's a crying shame this book isn't that little bit better that makes all the difference. It has plenty of charm, keen insights, certain flashes of humor and lots of heart, but the author got tripped up by the format she chose for her first novel: the story of a young and idealistic English major—with an M.A. in Chaucer and a brand new New York State School Certificate—who takes a job in an average New York City high school. Mrs. Kaufman, herself a veteran of the New York City public school system, paints a vivid picture of the bureaucratic chaos her young teacher encounters: the nurse who is forbidden to nurse; the library from which books cannot be removed; the incessant demand for forms, questionnaires, reports, lateness slips, hallway passes, psychological evaluation, etc. She is somewhat less successful, however, in portraying the pathetic-to-intolerable pupils of Miss Barrett's Home Room: we get The Negro, The Puerto Rican, The School Politician, The Sexy-Girl-Who-Gets-Pregnant and on down the line. But this could well be a by-blow of the technical handicap Mrs. Kaufman set herself by choosing to tell her story entirely through: a) memoranda and notes circulated among the school personnel; b) samples of English essays; c) notes found in Miss Barrett's Home Room Box; and d) letters by Sylvia Barrett to a married college friend. Every time the action starts to hop up and there is a quickening narrative thrust, it is brought to a standstill by the intrusion of a), b), c) or d). The third time around with the Suggestion Box was twice too many, at least for this reader. P. L. BUCKLEY

RUSKIN TODAY, by Kenneth Clark (Holt, $7.50). Clark, who may know as much about this particular problem as anyone alive, believes that Ruskin knew how to translate the experience of color into words. Some would take this as an endorsement of the currently unfashionable Ruskin. A few of us think it is an endorsement of Clark. This book is a good anthology of the small-snippets variety, the result of years of rereading and winnowing, with some especially good selections from the letters. It is interesting to contrast it with John Rosenberg's recent anthology, which gives us larger chunks of Ruskin's hypnotic prose. The two agree on only one major point—the inclusion of the "Two Boyhoods" passage (which is Clark's longest excerpt). The fine lecture on "The Mystery of Life," which forms the massive center of the Rosenberg book, is one of those religious-philosophical meditations that bore Sir Kenneth, in whose book we encounter not the troubled seer, but the master of disjointed insight. Yet even this partial Ruskin — introduced in needlessly repetitive prefaces to the major divisions of the book—is

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impressive; and the formulation of Ruskin's artistic creed on pages 132-4 is wholly admirable. Clark should be warned, however, to expect Marley-like visitations from that restless, irascible man who did not like to have his Greek citations garbled.

G. WILLS

THE FOUR-TRACK CURRICULUM IN TODAY'S HIGH SCHOOLS by Carl F. Hansen (Prentice-Hall, $5.95). This year we may celebrate, if we wish, the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of John Dewey's *The School and Society*, one of the central forces in the transformation of instruction into entertainment. But the Dewey usurpation is at an end; restoration commences. The Superintendent of Schools in Washington, D.C., Carl Hansen, tells in this book of the success of the "four-track" system his schools adopted in 1956. In order to give the best chance to bright and stupid alike, this system sets up four paths to Commencement: Honors, College Preparatory, General, and Basic. The evidence, after eight years, suggests that the students accomplished more in all "tracks," fewer of them dropped out, and disciplinary problems were slightly mitigated. Although Hansen taught English and Latin at one time, it must have been long ago, to judge by his prose; perhaps he has fashioned his writing style as a symbolic anti-Deweyism, paying as it does more attention to matter than method. In any event he tells the encouraging story of experimental confirmation of the anti-Dewey theorists such as Dexter Keezer, Mortimer Smith, Bernard Iddings Bell, Lewis Anthony Dexter, Russell Kirk, and all the goodly company. I might even mention Paul Goodman's recent *Compulsory Mis-Education*. Entertainment is no substitute for instruction. Hansen betrays a mistrust of the compulsory aspect when he mentions "the educational problems inherent in the idea of universal high school education," but that is the only word he has for the underlying causes. Give him an A in administration, and send him to Remedial English.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 445)

I hope Mr. Kenner will some day build a house. It would cure him forever of the notion that rectangular rooms with vertical walls are an "invention," that they might just as well be built in the shape of, say, a corkscrew. And for something really hilarious, imagine Ben Hur trying to win a Roman chariot race in a vehicle with square wheels! But, *of course*, the idea "that there is great virtue in the circle" is only an "assumption"!

Furthermore, we do not abandon Euclid in the construction of a cyclotron. We follow classical geometry at every step. And it is *vertical!*

Houston, Tex. BURTON JOHNSON

Author's Parry

An author has reason to feel gratitude any time a reviewer takes the trouble to read his book, and can only feel stunned when it appears that a critic understands the fundamental thrust of his work. Thus the fact that Mr. Stanley Parry distrusts my Pelagian compulsions (though he was too polite to use that baleful accusation) hardly detracts from his courteous and intelligent review of my *Shadow and Substance*.

At the risk of sounding ungrateful, however, I must take issue with two points he made about my views. First, although I do not believe that any moral proposition is *empirically* verifiable, I have never for one moment argued that all moral propositions are equally tenable (or untenable). One can recognize that, on the level of thought, he *may* be wrong and yet make a total practical commitment to the truth dimly seen.

Second, I am not convinced that I have "jettisoned the entire political wisdom of the West" in arguing that the crucial component of "good" government is not a set of mechanical devices but the sovereignty of "good" men. Indeed, I have the highest authority for this proposition. In the words of The Philosopher, "We have laid it down that there are three types of right constitutions, and that the best of these must be the one which is administered by the best. This is the type in which there is a single man [LBJ?], or a whole family [the Kennedys?], or a number of persons [the ADA?] surpassing all others in goodness. . ." *Politics*, III, xviii.

JOHN P. ROCHE
Waltham, Mass. Brandeis University

SOLUTIONS TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (May 18)

[Lincoln] Barnett
[THE] TREASURE OF OUR TONGUE

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. He decreed that all the world should be taxed (now it's the U. S.).	4 189 41 213 120 27 65 138
B. Even the hotel people have one in Washington.	16 24 46 56 13
C. Behold the man! (2 Latin wds.).	47 98 140 200 151 39 171 54
D. Author, Anabasis.	155 99 149 55 201 169 62 193
E. To habituate.	102 126 160 40 194 212 77 208
F. Inflammation of the kidneys.	131 161 184 42 63 5 108 17 216
G. They often do harm with other people's money (hyph.).	135 94 204 127 139 90 154 64 79
H. Of maximum fusibility.	142 215 18 80 179 43 28 187
I. Most corrupt.	185 130 29 112 67 101 152 81 123
J. To deceive.	206 133 163 104 73 19 153 198
K. A divine imparting of knowledge.	58 48 177 22 188 143 30 82
L. A viverrine mammal, deadly enemy of snakes.	83 196 103 132 192 214 78 170
M. A crystalline, volatile compound, CHI_3.	88 84 147 134 176 172 68 6

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. What many people will eat November 26th.	158 178 195 31 136 10 186 100 69
O. Visible in a teapot or an Elizabethan stage.	44 9 105 157 71 85 150
P. Spinetta di serenata (Italian word).	37 86 162 21 109 32 146 165
Q. Drug used to drown pain and sorrow; Poe-tic.	203 11 117 207 72 156 74 125
R. Type of horse race.	8 113 164 118 211 49 174 144
S. Necessary supplies (legal term).	3 173 115 33 209 167 50 89
T. People to whom many owe money—and to whom many owe their lives.	95 91 20 168 106 197 51
U. One of the races of mankind.	114 180 2 59 116 14 96 159 34
V. City in Italy, near San Marino.	119 35 92 110 60 141
W. Endeavors.	145 53 93 175 128 76 190 36
X. Most fortunate.	183 121 23 166 148 199 97 205
Y. What me-tooers do for the party.	210 129 191 52 182 57 202 15 25 107
Z. What the card dealer also must be.	26 124 181 61 137 66 122 111
AA. Unscramble WORMROOT.	1 7 70 75 12 38 45 87

See page 477 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

				1 AA	2 U	3 S		4 A	5 F	6 M		7 AA	8 R		9 O	10 N
11 Q	12AA	13 B		14 U	15 Y	16 B	17 F	18 H	19 J	20 T	21 P	22 K		23 X	24 B	25 Y
26 Z	27 A	28 H	29 I	30 K	31 N	32 P	33 S	34 U		35 V	36 W		37 P	38AA		39 C
40 E	41 A	42 F	43 H		44 O	45AA		46 B	47 C		48 K	49 R	50 S	51 T	52 Y	
53 W	54 C		55 D	56 B	57 Y	58 K	59 U	60 V		61 Z	62 D	63 F		64 G	65 A	66 Z
67 I	68 M	69 N		70AA	71 O	72 Q		73 J	74 Q	75AA		76 W	77 E	78 L	79 G	80 H
81 I	82 K		83 L	84 M	85 O	86 P		87AA	88 M	89 S	90 G	91 T	92 V		93 W	94 G
	95 T	96 U	97 X	98 C	99 D	100N	101I		102E	103L	104J		105Q	106T	107Y	108F
	109P	110V	111Z	112I	113R	114U		115S	116U		117Q	118R	119V	120A	121X	122Z
	123I	124Z	125Q		126E	127G	128W	129Y	130I	131F		132L	133J	134M	135G	
136N	137Z		138A	139G	140C	141V	142H	143K	144R		145W	146P	147M		148X	149D
	150Q	151C	152I		153J	154G	155D	156Q		157O	158N	159U	160E	161F		162P
163J		164R	165P	166X	167S		168T	169D	170L		171C	172M	173S	174R		175W
176M	177K	178N	179H	180U	181Z	182Y	183X		184F	185I	186N	187H	188K	189A	190W	191Y
192L	193D	194E		195N	196L	197T		198J	199X	200C	201D	202Y	203Q	204G		205X
206J	207Q	208E		209S	210Y	211R	212E	213A	214L	215H	216F					

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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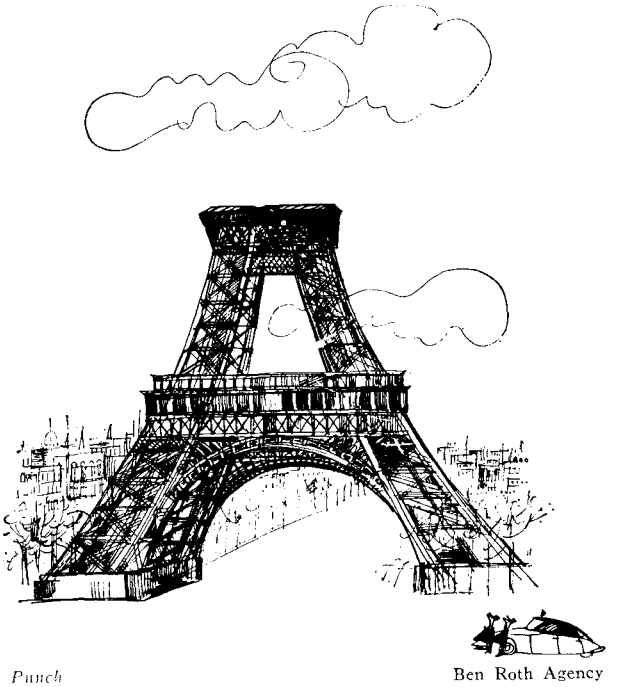
For The Record

Watch what happens to UnderSec/State Thomas Mann. ADA demands his dismissal. Mann is credited with persuading President Santo Domingo operation was necessary. . . . Roger (Two-China) Hilsman, former Assistant Secretary of State in Kennedy Administration, and prominent Dove, has joined ranks of LBJ critics. (Our new policy in Vietnam is "driving the newly emerging nations into alliances with Communist nations," etc. etc.). . . . Spot check of last week's Worker, and its West Coast sister, People's World, indicates official U.S. Communist press now giving foreign policy about 80 per cent of its space (replacing civil rights as major CP drive of the hour).

Campaign straws: Democrats, GOP Liberals, dumbfounded that Spenser Roberts & Associates has taken account of Ronald Reagan, who'd like to run against California Gov. Pat Brown next year. Significance: Spenser Roberts press-related Sen. Thomas Kuchel's successful '62 campaign and Kuchel is the Liberal GOP's last best hope to stop Reagan. . . . Rumors flying around Washington that Democrats—who think they could beat Rockefeller in N.Y. next year if they get any name figure at all—have been knocking on Sec. of State Dean Rusk's door. (Complication: Rusk worked for Rockefeller Foundation for years before he was tapped for State.) . . . If all else fails, there's always FDR Jr., now head of patronage-rich Equal Opportunity Commission. . . . N.Y.'s Conservative Party announces it will have a candidate — still unnamed — in the Rockefeller race also. . . . Farthest Out Rumor of Them All: That Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart is getting restless, might resign from Court to enter politics, with eye firmly fixed on #1 slot.

On May 7, Red China announced the death of Gen. Liu Ya-lou, chief of its Air Force, of "disease" in "Shanghai." Taipei sources say Liu was in North Vietnam during first unexpected U.S. air assault and died of wounds suffered at that time. . . . Richard Hughes, Hong Kong correspondent of London Sunday Times, reports passenger travel on trains south from Peking was severely restricted first three weeks in May—possibly to make way for troop movements.

Outright criticism of Pres. de Gaulle now appearing in West German press. Die Welt, for instance, in blast at de Gaulle suggested it would be hard



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for French Communist Party to oppose him when he runs for re-election because "he agrees with Moscow on more points than he does with the West (MLF, Southeast Asia, NATO, the Congo, the frontiers and armament of West Germany)." . . . Recent German public opinion poll: which of three countries (U.S., G.B., France) do you trust most—U.S., 47 per cent; France, 16 per cent; G.B., 8 per cent.

Overheard at a recent Washington cocktail party: one earnest young bureaucrat (male) to another (female): "How's the social life in the poverty shop?"

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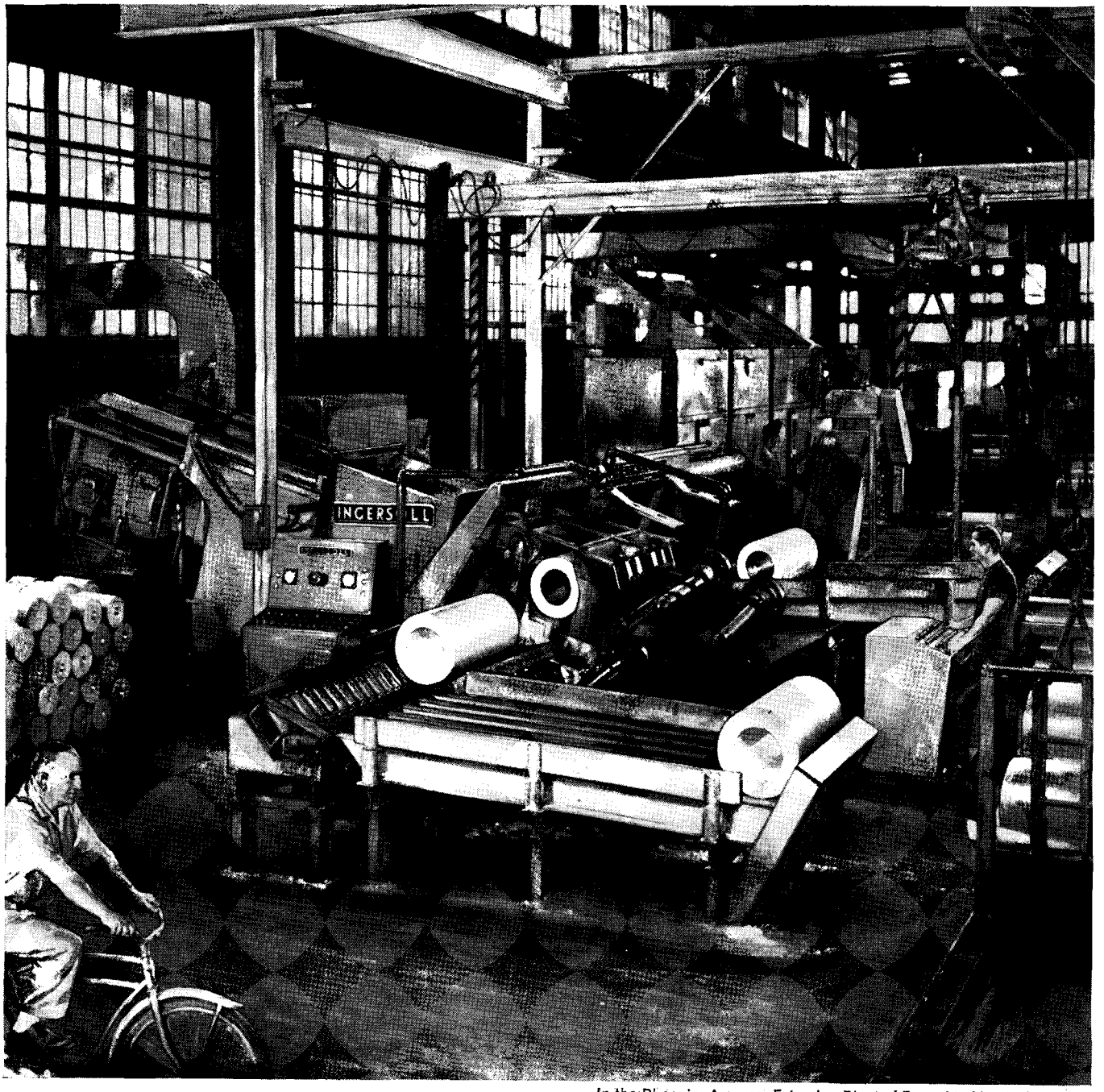

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